The Story of a Life in the Love of God.

Mrs. J. J. Scroggie.

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To Our Beloved Parents

in loving commemoration of

June Fourth.

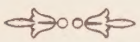
Jenny and Jimie.

4th June 1924.

Mrs. Ida Smith
Ida Scroggs

THE STORY OF A LIFE
—— IN THE ——
LOVE OF GOD.

Being the Autobiography of
Mrs. JAMES J. SCROGGIE.



Glasgow and Birmingham,
THE HULBERT PUBLISHING CO. LTD.

London and Edinburgh,
OLIPHANTS Ltd.

1924.

PREFACE.

IN Re-issuing this Book, which has been much used of God, all that it is necessary for me to add is a word as to the *time* covered by the Story.

It opens with a reference to my mother's birth in the year 1846, and it is brought down to the year 1877, or thereabouts, so that a period of thirty years is covered. This, therefore, is a record of experiences of more than forty-seven years ago; and the witness of my parents still is that, "Goodness and mercy have followed them all the days of their life," and they are looking forward to "the house of the Lord for ever."

May this brief excerpt from life prove a means of blessing to many a reader.

W. GRAHAM SCROGGIE.

EDINBURGH, 1924.

INTRODUCTORY WORD.

IN sending out the following record of what the Lord Jesus has done for me, I have a threefold object in view :—

1. The glory of His Name to Whose grace I bear testimony.
2. The encouragement of His people in their trust in Him.
3. The conviction and conversion of those who, as yet, know not the preciousness of His love.

If in any degree these objects are realized, I shall be profoundly grateful, and rejoice that in addition to the enrichment that has come to my own soul by these experiences, others have been made to enter more fully into the tender love of our Father, and into deeper fellowship through His Son our Saviour.

LONDON, 1908.

CONTENTS.

Chapter.		Page.
	Preface	
	Introductory Word	
I.	My Early Days	1
II.	Love's Fair Morning	12
III.	Our New Home	18
IV.	Answers to Prayer	26
V.	A Saviour of Life and of Death ...	32
VI.	The Way and the Work	48
VII.	Guided and Kept	56
VIII.	A Little Child Shall Lead Them ...	64
IX.	Thick Shadows Fall	70
X.	Back from the Grave	80
XI.	A Roundabout but a Right Way ...	88
XII.	Brighter Days	98
XIII.	In the Harvest Field Again	105
XIV.	Jewels for His Crown	114
	Concluding Word: by Rev. W. Graham Scroggie	123

ILLUSTRATIONS.

MRS. JAMES J. SCROGGIE ... ... *Frontispiece.*

MR. JAMES J. SCROGGIE ... ... *Facing p. 87.*

The Story of a Life in the Love of God.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER I.

Early Days.

FIFTY-NINE years ago, in a Scottish village I was born, the eighth of nine children; happy in our heritage, for we enjoyed that greatest of all human blessings—Christian parents. They were amongst the number of those who, in the days when it was not easy to be true to one's conscience, left the Established Church of Scotland, for the sake of spiritual freedom. Of the Sunday School in the village where my early days were spent, my father was the superintendent for fifty years, and was much beloved and blessed.

From childhood I had a great longing to be a Christian, but how, I did not know; and as the natural heart always looks within for something to commend itself to God, this I did, and sought to merit my salvation by my works, but to discover, slowly and reluctantly, that

"Doing is a deadly thing,
Doing ends in death."

The latter days of my education were spent in Aberdeen, the city nearest our village home, and it was during this time that I was most earnest in my attendance at services of a spiritual character, and even ventured to speak to those whom I thought careless, pleading with them to think of their ways, so blind was I to my own spiritual condition. School days being over, I returned home to begin life in earnest.

Now that I was eighteen years of age, our minister thought that it was time for me to consider "joining the Church." I had often thought about it myself, but something within, told me that I was not right with God, notwithstanding all my outward religion and religious works. To help myself, I prayed and read the Bible more, and spent many hours searching into my

heart, to see if I could discern anything right there; but the more I searched, the more confused and unhappy I became. When the time arrived for me to take the solemn step, I prayed most earnestly that the minister might open up to me the way of salvation.

It was never put before me, that to belong to the Church I had first of all to belong to Christ; and I thought, as multitudes now think, that going to the Sacrament was a stepping-stone towards my salvation.

How I longed for someone to make the way simple and clear to me, for with all these outward observances I had no peace of conscience nor rest of heart, and these were what I wanted. But God in His infinite goodness was soon going to satisfy my longings, created as they were by His own blessed Spirit. After becoming a Church member, I took a class in my father's Sunday School. I loved the girls very much, and taught them to the best of my ability: but one thing often troubled me—supposing any of them should ask me if I were saved, what could I say?

One day at this time, when standing at the door, I saw a stranger coming down the

village street, and as we were always interested in the coming of strangers, he attracted my attention; in a moment he walked straight up to me and said: "Do you know of any place in this village where I could preach the gospel?" I replied: "Oh, yes; in the schoolroom, and I will get you the key."

He was highly delighted and went off to procure the bell-man (for in those days we always intimated anything special through the town crier and his bell). The intimation was, "That an old soldier would preach the gospel in the schoolroom at seven o'clock that night." A great many of the young girls in the village went to the meeting. I cannot remember the old soldier's text, but well do I remember him telling us how he was converted to God, and repeating in full the hymn—

" I saw One hanging on a tree, in agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me, as near His Cross I stood.
Sure never till my latest breath can I forget that look,
It seemed to charge me with His death, though not a word He spoke.
A second look He gave, which said, 'I freely all forgive;
My blood was for thy ransom paid, I died that thou might'st live.'"

That night I could not keep it from the friends at home, tears would come unbidden,

and when asked what was the matter, I said, "Oh, I wish I knew what that old soldier knows!" A friend calling at the time, said, "Jeannie, you need nothing more than you have, and I would not be disturbed about it!" But, thank God I knew better than that, for He had created desires within me that night which none could satisfy but Himself.

"I tried the broken cisterns, Lord,
But, ah! the waters failed!
E'en as I stooped to drink they fled,
And mocked me as I wailed.
None, none but Christ can satisfy,
None other name for me!
There's life, and light, and lasting joy,
Lord Jesus, found in Thee."

I never had seen the old soldier before, and never have seen him since, but God blessed his word to the thorough awakening, not only of myself, but of many of my young friends; and when within a very short time of this event Donald Ross of the North-East Coast Mission, came to hold a series of meetings in our village, the ground had been prepared. Mr. Ross had several meetings in the school-room already referred to, and also in the house where he was lodging. His landlady was very much upset because he would

speak to her about her soul when she was laying his meals; but this was graciously used of God to her conversion. An evangelist, named Mr. Taylor, continued the services commenced by Mr. Ross. I never missed a meeting; and then the memorable night came when I was brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light.

Mr. Taylor took for his text, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation" (Hebrews ii. 3). From the midst of all else that he said, the following stands out clearly in my memory to this hour—"You may be a Church member, a Sunday School teacher, a tract distributor, or anything else you like, and all the time be neglecting the 'great salvation.' And what is it to neglect? Simply to let alone. It is not necessary for a man in business to destroy his goods in order to become bankrupt, he has simply to neglect his books, and he will soon find his business ruined. The sinner need not speak against Christ, he need not blaspheme, nor swear, nor do anything of the kind, in order to be lost, he has simply to let Christ alone, and he is a lost soul with no escape."

The Spirit of the Lord carried home these simple words to my soul, and I felt that that

was just my condition; doing, doing, doing, but all the time neglecting the great salvation; and it seemed as if I were on the very verge of hell. I could see all my doings as filthy rags, an abomination in God's sight. That night, the 29th of January, 1865, I cast myself as a poor lost sinner at the feet of JESUS, and received a full and free forgiveness WITHOUT DOING ANYTHING. The Lord LOVED and GAVE, I BELIEVED and HAVE. These meetings resulted in a most blessed revival: the young friends who listened to the old soldier were nearly all brought to Christ, and some of them have since become the wives of devoted preachers of the gospel. The whole village was most graciously stirred, and some very notorious characters, drunkards, and infidels were converted, and began preaching in the open-air.

One evangelist followed another, and still the wave of blessing rolled on, and each newly-saved one felt that there was a work for him or her to do, and, as unity is always strength, we purposed to meet together once a week for prayer, and then each to take so many houses in the village, so that the whole would be visited once a week. Let me say,

that this was the first real evangelistic work I ever did; working not in order to be saved, but because I was saved. My district lay among the fisher folk, and for each one individually I prayed and laboured, and, praise God, one after another was brought to Christ. Some whom I hardly dared speak to at the beginning, were amongst the first to be converted. One very remarkable case was that of George Craib. He was a terrible drunkard, and I had often to protect his poor wife from his violence. Much did I pray for, and earnestly did plead with poor George, but the answer was not given for many years. After I was married, and when visiting my old home, I was told that George was dying, and wished particularly to see me. You may imagine my joy and delight at finding him trusting in the Lord Jesus, and longing to be with Him. He told me that when he was most careless and seemingly quite unconcerned, he often had to rush out of the public-house because those words would ring in his ears:

"THE VOICE OF WISDOM CRIES, BE IN TIME, BE IN TIME,"

and never could he rest until he knew his sins were washed away in the precious blood of the Lamb. This trophy of Divine grace

died full of joy and peace in God. Christian worker learn—You may not always SEE the fruit of your labour, but you must be always GIVING THE HOLY SPIRIT A FOOTING in the minds and hearts of men and women and perhaps, long after you are gone, by that plank He will effect an entrance into those lives.

Let me record another instance of fruit found after many years. In my district there was a boarding-house for travellers, which I visited. Amongst others I met there, was a youth named Peter McGhee, to whom I often spoke about his soul, but who did not then decide for Christ. Many years after, when travelling with my husband, we had occasion to wait at a little station near my home. While there, Mr. Scroggie entered into conversation with a woman in the waiting-room. As he was speaking to her I observed a man listening at the door, and asked him if he would not come inside, which he was quite ready to do. Upon my husband asking him if he were a Christian, he said very decidedly that he was. My husband took a few little books out of his pocket to give to this man, and, in so doing, he was strangely led to slip a half-crown into one of them.

As the man looked through the books, the piece of money dropped on the floor. He exclaimed, "Thank God ! I never meant to tell anyone, but I must tell you. As I passed through this village just now, I went in to see a poor widow, and found her in great distress. On asking the reason, she said that she had not the money to pay the rent, and she had never missed before. Asked as to how much it was, she replied, 'Half-a-crown.' I am but a labourer myself, and have nothing to spare, but I felt I must give the poor widow the money ; at the same time I wrote on a slip of paper, 'The LORD will provide,' and here I have only walked up to the station, and He has given it back to me." Going the same way, we travelled together. My husband asked our friend if he had ever been to Newburgh, my native village. He said, "No, but there is a bright Christian, who was converted there through one of Mr. Mitchell's daughters, named Jeannie : do you know her ?"

Mr. Scroggie said, "I do, as she happens to be my wife, and sits by my side." You will guess I was eager to know the young man's name, and was told it was Peter McGhee. We never had met this man before,

never have seen him since ; we never even knew his name, but in the providence of God we had to cross each other's path in this remarkable way, that I might enter into the joy of past sowing : and these are but two instances amongst many culled from those days. All this gave me a real desire for evangelistic work, and, I have no doubt, was a preparation for the place the Lord meant me to fill in the years that lay ahead.

CHAPTER II.

Love's Fair Morning.

AND now I must speak of an event ever of importance and interest to all. Among other evangelists who visited our village, the Lord sent Mr. Scroggie in the year 1866. After that he came frequently, and was greatly used to the conversion of souls. The early days and ways of love are ever amongst the most sacred of memories, and one would not, if he could, analyse the flutter and emotion of the heart of one on the border of a new love-world. Once, when I was visiting a woman who had recently been brought to Christ, Mr. Scroggie came in. After some conversation with her, and as I was about to

leave, he asked me if I would be kind enough to let him know how she got on, as, leaving the village the following day, he would not be able to see her again. I confess that I found no difficulty in acceding to his request, neither was I long in discovering an occasion for the performance of it. You will anticipate that this correspondence ripened into friendship, and the friendship into something still deeper, until at last, during one of his visits to Newburgh, he asked me if I would care to be an evangelist's wife, and spend my life with him. This had been from the time I was saved, the one desire of my heart, and now it was within my reach. What do you suppose was my reply ?

What else could I say but "Yes" ? Only I was young yet, and my dear parents had to be consulted. They thought I should wait until I was a little older, and had a little more experience ; and, moreover, at this time, Mr. Scroggie had left the North-East Coast Mission, and was looking to the Lord alone FOR THE SUPPLY OF ALL HIS NEED. This was rather an obstacle with my dear parents, to the realization of our desire, because they, as all true parents, wished to know how their daughter was to be provided for. I, myself, up to that time, knew nothing

of trusting the Lord for the supply of daily bread, and of all temporal need, because I had never been placed in the circumstances of need. I believed, however, that the way would be made plain, and that the present ambition of my heart would find realization Added to this material difficulty was another, equally great in the estimation of my father and mother, which was, that Mr. Scroggie was not at all strong physically ; and one can well see how real, from some points of view, these difficulties were.

Of course, love knows no obstacles; but, in this particular instance, it was neither the love of our hearts, nor the reason of our dear parents, that was to prevail, but the will of God, laid hold of by us in faith—faith prompted by love and supported by reason. So we betook ourselves to much earnest prayer. At this time Mr. Scroggie had an invitation to undertake some mission work in the South of England, and then came the first real trial of my Christian experience. He had to go away for twelve months, and deeply did I feel it ; but I had lessons to learn, no doubt, and my faith had to be tried in various ways. One such way was the opposition of my relatives, and even of those professing to be friends, and my dear father

and mother were deeply exercised as to whether they had done right in giving their consent to our engagement. It was thought that my father had done a foolish thing in allowing his daughter to think of marrying one who had no settled home or income, but all these things had not the least effect upon me to alter my mind, although they were trying to bear, and I felt very much for my parents. But our loving Father over-ruled all for good, and those very friends were put to shame, as I shall show later on. Months passed. I had plenty to do, and the time came to leave the dear parental roof and homeland.

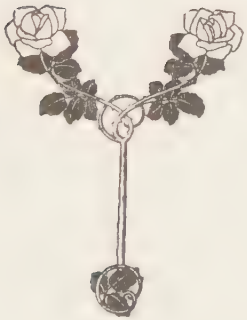
Mr. Scroggie had come back to claim me for his wife, and to take me away with him to Holybourne, having been asked to carry on the work there. The marriage took place in my father's house in the year 1868. A little incident in connection with it, which very much impressed me, I must relate. One who had said much against Mr. Scroggie to my father, and who also had tried to shake my confidence in him, must, we knew, be asked to the marriage. This troubled us both very much, and we agreed to pray—Mr. Scroggie in Holybourne, and

I at Newburgh—that this one might be prevented in some way from being present. A fortnight before the wedding he was summoned to Gibraltar, and was to be away for six months. This was to be to me the beginning of a life-long experience, that God answers prayer for temporal things, as well as spiritual. I believe that many of the Lord's dear people have never learnt the secret of trusting Him for the supply of all their need, and oh, what joy they lose in not experiencing a Father's loving tender care in all that concerns them. He Who has said, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered"; and "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things ?"

But to return to the wedding. All the family were there, my dear and only brother arriving in London from Sydney with his vessel, just in time to start for Newburgh, at which he arrived on the morning of the marriage. Many were the presents I received; my dear parents did not know when to stop giving, and, on leaving, they put a £20 note into my hand, which I will say more about by-and-by. It was said by some on the wedding day, "Jeannie will soon be a widow," because my husband looked so ill; but he is

in this year 1908 vigorous and strong. Praise the Lord.

From the very commencement the Lord set His seal of blessing upon our union, and the years have but served to accumulate the evidences both of His power and love. In small things as large, He has undertaken for us, and we record these for His glory.



CHAPTER III.

Our New Home.

ON the way to our new home we broke the journey at Perth, and were met at the station by dear Duncan Matheson, known by name, at any rate, to many. A little incident happened at this time which brought out the character of that dear man of God. The porter who attended to us at the station was the worse of drink, and, in his stupidity, took all our luggage into the left-luggage room, and refused to give it up without payment. Our friend was obliged to complain to the station-master, and we had it delivered to us; but on the way to the hotel, where we were to stay, Mr. Matheson stopped the cab and said he must go

back to the station to see that the poor porter did not get into trouble; and although he was very ill then, and scarcely able to walk, he would insist upon doing it, to intercede for this man. Again the next morning the tender kindness of God was revealed to us. As we were having breakfast at the hotel, our attention was attracted to a framed text on the wall, and we took it for our marriage text. "Oh, how great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee; which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men!" (Psalm xxxi. 19).

We did realise that His goodness had been great up to that moment, but when we thought of goodness "laid up," that filled our hearts with gratitude and praise. We spent a very happy time with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, not knowing it was the last time that we were to see him on earth. As we parted from him at his own gate he said, "Cheer up, Scroggie, if the Lord sends a man all the way to Gibraltar in answer to prayer, He will do anything for you."

Leaving Scotland, we passed on to our new sphere in the South of England. Rooms

had been prepared for us, and we were supplied with every comfort. The next day, Sunday, we attended the Mission Hall at Holybourne, where Dr. H. M. Williamson was to preach what in Scotland we call the "Kirking" sermon ; he took for his text, "From this day will I bless you" (Haggai ii. 19), and it was quite prophetic, for although the blessing has often come in a strange way, yet it has always been blessing ; and so it is, and ever will be, with all the Lord's chosen ones. After having been in rooms for a few weeks, we saw and set our hearts upon a sweet little villa, newly built, in which to make our home. But my husband's difficulty was how to furnish it. He knew nothing about the £20 that my father had given me as I left home, of which I have already told you ; no doubt many would say that such a sum could not go very far towards the object we had in view, but with the blessing of the Lord, and a contented mind, little goes a long way! As one has said, "If a newly married couple start with everything they want, there is nothing to wish for, and no pleasure in adding to their possessions." We went out together to buy what was really necessary with which to begin housekeeping, and as I bought one

thing after another, my husband got quite anxious about how the things were to be paid for; however, after completing my purchases, I asked for the bill, and to the amazement of dear James, paid down the money!

We got into our sweet little home, and settled down to work for God. The work was not confined to Holybourne, but embraced the villages around. The Lord graciously blessed the service to which he had called us. The first year of our married life passed quickly and happily. Then a sunbeam fell aslant the home hearth, a little baby boy was born, a lovely child, as every mother's child is, especially the first one. I was passionately fond of children, and am afraid allowed this dear boy to have too great a hold on my heart's affection. We named him Charles Frederick, after Major Gibson, who had been taken home to glory. We had many kind friends, and among others dear Mr. and Mrs. Curtis, of Medstead. On hearing of the new comer, they sent their congratulations, and a £5 note, a gift which was repeated with every addition to the family.

When our little boy was three months old, my husband thought it was time we were having a holiday, and suggested going to

Birkenhead and Liverpool, where two of his brothers lived. The one great obstacle before us was the lack of money! Liverpool was a long way from where we lived, and our common purse did not at the time contain more than twenty shillings! My dear husband had been longer trained than I had in the art of trusting God for all he needed, and when I mentioned my difficulty he said "Well I know I NEED a holiday; and if I should go to the station without the money, I shall trust God to give it me there." My faith could not go as far as that, and so I made up my mind to stay at home with Charlie, unless the money came before James started. The Saturday was reached, and my husband had arranged to leave on the Monday.

Once a month he had a rest from preaching, and on that occasion we always had a preacher down from London. The following day was his resting Sunday; I went out in the morning, and the preacher was one we had not heard before. I cannot remember his text, but he took for his subject, God answering the prayers of his people; and in his address, he said: "Is there anyone here praying for something special? Perhaps your faith is beginning to falter because the

answer has not yet come, but HE WILL answer, although it may be at the last moment." It seemed as if he had really known all about us. I came out of the hall wondering if the Lord was really going to answer prayer, so that I also might go north.

Just then I felt a hand laid on my shoulder, and, looking round, I saw Mr. Curtis, who said, "I hear your husband is going away to-morrow; are you going with him?" I said, "No, I cannot very well go just now." As we were talking, Mrs. Curtis came up to us, and, shaking me by the hand, said, "Is it true that Mr. Scroggie is going away to-morrow? Where is he going? Are you going with him?" I told her he was going to Birkenhead. She said, "Why are you not going with him, have you no money?" and before I could say anything, turning to her husband, she said, "Charles, that is the reason, give Mrs. Scroggie £5," and, then to me, "whatever else you need you have only to send and get it." I hardly know how I got home, I was so overjoyed; but I was up the next morning at three o'clock to do my packing, and by nine o'clock we were on the

C

way to Birkenhead, where we spent a delightful fortnight, and had much blessing in the Lord's work.

Our beloved little boy was not to be long with us. He was a most precocious child, and my constant fear was that he would be taken away; and our Father, Who never errs, saw fit soon to take him. He was spared to us for eight short months only, and in March, 1870, was called up yonder. His sufferings for six weeks before he died were very painful to witness, every half-hour he was in a convulsion, night and day, until I should have been thankful to see the dear little lamb at rest; but his father did not seem able to give him up, and I will never forget him walking backward and forward in the room, night after night, nursing the dear child, and praying that he might be spared. After a night of more than usual suffering, as the morning dawned, my dear husband said, "I can and do give him up now"; and in an hour from then he was gone. Oh! what a crushing sorrow it was! and, after all was over, we were both much prostrated. Friends were all so kind and sympathetic. Our firstborn lies buried in the Cemetery at Alton, a mile from Holybourne.

An empty cradle here, and hearts sore pressed;
No little hand or head on mother's breast,
But one more infant life by Him caressed,
High on the hills of Love
In heaven above.

Five months after our dear boy was taken home another was given us—in 1870. With what joy we welcomed this second treasure, and named him after the two grandfathers —Thomas Alexander. He was a bright, healthy boy, and a warm sunbeam in our desolated home.

CHAPTER IV.

Answers to Prayer.

I MUST mention now, something of God's gracious dealings with us, both in spiritual and in temporal things. We were kept very busy, not only at the Hall, but in the villages around. One friend had his drawing-room filled with forms, and invited us to conduct gospel services there. This was done, and much blessing resulted. One case of conversion I shall never forget. The meeting had been very solemn, and we felt sure the Lord had been speaking to some one. The next morning, before we had finished breakfast, a woman came and wished to see Mr. Scroggie. She was in deep distress of soul, and said, " I have been pray-

ing all night, and am no better this morning." Mr. Scroggie replied, "You have been doing a wrong thing." The poor woman looked at him with amazement, "Doing a wrong thing to pray; doing a wrong thing to cry to the Lord to save me?" she said.

Mr. Scroggie replied: "Suppose you were very ill, and the doctor came, examined you thoroughly, and said, 'Yes, I know what you are suffering from, and I have a cure for that disease.' He sends for the medicine, and waits until it comes. It is put down before you, and the doctor says, 'Now take that, it will cure you,' but, instead of taking it you keep on crying, 'Oh, doctor, save me!' The doctor says, 'I cannot save you unless you take the medicine.' Now that is just what you have been doing. God knows all about you and your sins; He has provided a remedy, a never-failing remedy. He has sent His Beloved Son to die for you, and instead of accepting Him as the only One Who can save you, you have been crying, 'Lord, save me, save me.' God cannot save you unless you accept the One He has provided as a Saviour." The dear woman clapped her hands, saying: "I see it, I'm saved"; and she was, for when we went back again she had been the means of lead-

ing her husband and several of her relatives to Christ, and they all came to the meetings together, full of the joy of the Lord.

I must also mention another interesting thing which happened at this time. My husband had begun to study Hebrew, and was most anxious to possess a Hebrew Bible and Lexicon. He said, "I am going to pray for them." I was beginning now to have a little more faith in prayer, but could not quite see who would ever think of sending a Hebrew Bible. However, James felt sure it would come, and he was not disappointed. On one of our visits to Medstead, Mr. Curtis called me aside, and said, "I want very much to give Mr. Scroggie a present, but I would like to give him what he really wants, do you know if he wants anything very specially." I said, "Yes, he is praying for a Hebrew Bible and Lexicon, but they are rather expensive." Mr. Curtis said, "Never mind that, you get them, and I will pay for them, whatever they cost." I could scarcely keep the good news from my dear husband on the way home, but shortly after this the parcel arrived one morning before breakfast, carriage paid to the door. When he came downstairs and saw the parcel, with Bagster's name on it, he exclaimed, "I

believe the Lord has sent my Bible and Lexicon!" and so it was, but where it had come from he had no conception, and I kept him puzzling for some time, but at last told him the whole story.

Time passed on very quickly, and the second summer of our married life came round. My husband again suggested the advisability of a holiday, and said he thought it would be well to visit our parents in the north. This was a long way from where we were, but I fell in heartily with the proposal, as I longed to see all our dear relatives again, and also to take our little son for them to see. We agreed to pray together for £20, which we did for a fortnight. We were quite satisfied, if the Lord did not send the money, to remain at home, but we asked for the £20 if it were His will we should go.

At the end of the fortnight I said to my husband, "I think, perhaps, the Lord means us to stay at home this summer." He said: "Oh, no, I believe something is coming today." I wanted to know if he had heard anything, "No, but he had an impression the answer was coming." The day passed on, and the last post came, but no answer.

On that day (Tuesday) we had our weekly prayer meeting, and, as a rule, had about eighteen or twenty from the village gathered together, all comparatively poor. The village schoolmaster was one of our regular ones, and, at the end of this meeting, just as Mr. Scroggie was about to pronounce the blessing, Mr. Cobb, the schoolmaster, left his seat, went up to the platform, and, putting a small parcel down before my husband, said: "This is with the love of the friends." We were not long in reaching home that night, and, on undoing the parcel, we found, to our surprise and delight, it contained £23 6s., £3 6s. more than we had asked. We could not conceive from whence it had come, but the next day I called upon one of the friends, and asked her if she knew. Yes, she knew all about it.

A fortnight ago, Milward, the shoemaker in the village, who had been greatly blessed through Mr. Scroggie, thought he would like to find out if the friends would be willing to give my husband and myself a present; all the fortnight we had been praying, he had been collecting, with this result! and he told me himself that everyone to whom he went seemed to have the money laid aside for us, and he met with such

willing response everywhere. One farmer's wife told me afterwards that she had £5 put away for us, and was wondering in what way she would send it, when Milward came in. How we did praise God together for such a distinct answer, and you may guess how quickly we made our arrangements for the visit to Scotland, knowing the Lord was sending us, and with plenty of money in our pockets! We have a very rich Father, although He sometimes sees it needful to keep us on short allowance.

CHAPTER V.

A Savour of Life and of Death.

WE returned to our home in the south, but changes were to take place there, and we began to pray that the Lord would open up a fresh field of work for us. The answer came, and in this way. Mr. Blackwood, who was afterwards Sir Arthur Blackwood, had a Mission Hall in Streatham. There was a resident missionary there, but he was leaving, and the Trustees, Mr. Blackwood, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Bailey, were looking out for some one to take his place. Going by train one day, Mr. Blackwood met with a friend, Mr. Watson, who had often come down to our Mission Hall to preach. In the course of conversation, Mr. Blackwood asked him if he knew of any one who would do for Streatham Mission Hall,

and Mr. Watson at once replied, "Yes, Mr. Scroggie." We very soon had a letter of invitation from Mr. Blackwood, and arranged to leave Holybourne for Streatham, which we did in the year 1871. Now followed a very memorable time in our history. Streatham was a very priest-ridden district, at least the part in which we were located; there were two ritualistic churches, one at the top of Wells Lane, the other at the bottom, and the Mission Hall stood between the two.

When we began visiting the people in their homes, and asking them if they were saved, a storm of opposition and persecution arose, our windows were smashed, and other damage done to the house. When my dear husband went out into the open-air to preach the gospel with a few true-hearted Christians, the opposition generally reached a climax. Our first few weeks in this new sphere of labour were spent in lodgings, but when the Mission House was vacated by our predecessor we took possession of it. It was a splendid house, with every convenience, and Mr. Blackwood offered us £20 per year extra if we would keep a servant, as he wished my time given up wholly to the work, visiting, Sunday School, and mothers'

meetings. This I was delighted to do, and began systematic visiting, and holding of little meetings in the cottages around.

One incident I must mention in connection with the visiting, which has never faded from my memory. At one of the houses to which I went, there appeared at the door such a wretched-looking woman; when I told her what my mission was, and kindly invited her to come to our women's prayer meeting, she said she would have nothing to do with either me or my meeting. I asked her if she was going to heaven. "Yes," she replied, "as much as you." I said, "I am certainly going; and if you are, it would be very nice to get acquainted with each other on the way." However, she would have nothing to say to me, so I left. I told my husband on my return home, and he at once said, "I shall go there." In a few days he visited this house, and the woman seemed a little softened. On hearing this I very soon repeated my visit. This time she was standing at the door with her little girl, who seemed very weak and ill; I asked very kindly after her, and if I could do anything for her? Upon this the poor woman burst into tears, and said, "Will you come in for a little?" I was only too glad to do so; she

sat and wept for some time. When she seemed able to speak, I said, "Now, come, tell me what is the matter." She sobbed out, "I am a backslider, and the Lord has found me out." I said, "Let us thank Him for it." We both fell on our knees, I thanking Him, and she confessing all. She was fully restored to peace and rest, then and there.

Afterwards she told me a little of her history; she had once been a very bright Christian, but had married an unconverted man, who turned out a fearful drunkard, and had brought her to rags and wretchedness. I said, "Now we will have a little prayer meeting in this house once every week, and will never cease praying until your husband is saved." This we did; he was very much enraged when he knew what had taken place, and would not allow us to come into the house when he was at home; but this was very seldom, the public-house at the corner had him and his wages. However, nothing is impossible with the Lord, He can, and does break the hardest heart. One Sunday evening, who should come into the meeting, and sit down by the door, but Spice (for this was his name); he thought he could easily slip out, and no one would see him, but the Spirit of God laid hold of the

poor drunkard, and when the after-meeting was announced he did not stir: he was dealt with about his soul, and that night he went home a saved man.

"He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me."

Praise God! When he went home he threw his arms around his wife's neck, and said, "Come, my lass, let us kneel down together for the first time and pray." He began at once to preach the gospel in the open-air. When it was made known that Spice was converted, the landlord, who had let the rent run on unpaid for three months, sent his agent at once to say, if he did not pay it within a week, he would be put on the street, wife, children, and all. The publican at the corner came out when he was preaching, and told him to settle up his bill there, before he began that cant, for, I must tell you, Spice went right opposite the public-house where he used to get drunk, and told out the story of the Cross. He was a splendid singer, and he sang out the good old hymn:

"There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
There is life at this moment for thee."

And at the end he would say, addressing the people in the public-house: "Now, mates,

when I was in with you, singing the devil's songs, you used to say—'Come, Jack, let us have the chorus over again.' I shall let you have this chorus over again:

> "Look, look, look and live,
> There is life for a look at the Crucified One,
> There is life at this moment for thee."

Well, as I said, all the creditors pounced upon him for their money, and the dear man knew not what to do. He said, if they would only give him time, he would pay all. He was a gardener by trade, and a good workman, but they would not wait. We told him that God was able to pay all his debts, and, without letting him know, we set about doing something for him. He owed altogether £8. I went to Lady Clanmorris, and told her about the case, and her heart was moved; she said she would go to some of her friends on the morrow, and see what could be done. The first one she visited was a titled lady, and she willingly gave £3 to begin with, and by the time this friend had completed her visits, she had £9 in her possession. This all happened within the week.

Poor Spice was coming every day to see us, and to say that nothing had come. On the last day of the week, he came very sad,

and said they would be sure to be on the street the next day, but we told him that that would not be. After a little, he said, "Lady Clanmorris has sent down for me to come at once and see her. I am sure her garden is not in want of doing, and I don't know what she could want with me." We knew, and urged him to go without delay. In about half-an-hour our bell rang furiously, and on opening the door, Spice stood there with his face like a sun. I said, "Whatever has happened? come in and tell us." The dear man sank down on the first chair inside the door, and, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, and holding out his hand with the £9 in it, said, "See what the Lord has done for me." He went the same day and paid off every debt, and pursued his way, rejoicing with a clear conscience. The Lord prospered him, and for many years he has been an honoured preacher of the gospel.

"I was lost: but Jesus found me—
Found the sheep that went astray,
Threw His loving arms around me,
Drew me back into His way.
I was bruised: but Jesus healed me,
Faint was I from many a fall,
Sight was gone and fears possessed me,
But He freed me from them all."

There are many other cases of blessing besides this, and quite as remarkable. One was that of an infidel who threatened us if we did not leave off coming to his cottage. My husband left him every time with the announcement, "I shall soon be back again." He would never allow us to pray with him, but we told him that we would go home and pray for him. That man was converted, and he told me afterwards that what took hold of him was Mr. Scroggie's persistency in coming after all his threats: he said also that he had made it a point to come and listen at our window when we were having prayer at night. How little we know the means that God was to use in bringing even the most hardened to Himself.

One of our true helpers was a Christian of the name of Bloss. He was a carpenter by trade, and on account of his faithful dealings with people about their souls, he often suffered in a pecuniary way, but would never tell anyone other than the Lord of his need; neither would he have any bread from the baker unless he could pay ready money for it. He had a large family, and a wife who was not in sympathy with him, which made it often very trying.

One evening, while resting, it seemed as if someone spoke to me, saying, Bloss is in want, go and see him; so real was it, that I told my husband when he came in, I would go and see Bloss in the morning. As soon as breakfast was over, I went, but felt I could not see him without giving some practical help, and so went to call upon our faithful friend, Lady Clanmorris. I met her on the way to her house, and, in a few words, told her the whole story, and asked if she felt inclined to give me anything for him. She said, "I have only two shillings in my pocket, but if that is of any use you are welcome to it." I took it gratefully. On going to Bloss's house, the door was opened by his wife, who said her husband was out, but would I come in for a little. I thought I could never mention the errand I had come upon to her, as she was a very independent woman; however, in the course of conversation, she said, "It is very hard times with us just now, I have had to send the children to school to-day without any breakfast." I sympathized with her, and said, "I have two shillings in my pocket if you will accept it?" She said she would only be too glad. Thankful that the Lord had opened the way for me, I left and came away.

I had not, however, been at home long before Bloss appeared on the scene. He said, "I must tell you what a direct answer to prayer that two shillings was. During the time you were in seeing my wife, I was in the field at the back of the house asking the Lord for two shillings with which to buy bread for the children, and when I came to the door the children were coming in with a basketful of bread. I asked them whether it was paid for. 'Yes, father, all paid,'" and then he thanked and praised the Lord. How real God is, and how ready to run at the cry of His children, and to make everything fit in EXACTLY? Perhaps if the dear man had asked two pounds he would have had it.

"We are coming to a KING,
Large petitions let us bring,
For His love and grace are such,
We can never ask too much."

By this time there was quite a little band of out-and-out Christians in connection with the work, and you may know if the enemy was aroused with only two of us, how infuriated he would become when we were quite a company; and now the persecution began in real earnest. Our doors were pelted with stones, and oftentimes, after dark, the people came and tied old pans and kettles,

and any rubbish they could find, to the door; then rang the bell, and when we opened it, all the things came tumbling in upon us. I shall never forget one scene. There were two men in the lane we visited, who were very much enraged at our coming to their houses; they made up their minds to repay us in some way. So one evening, when they were both under the influence of drink, they stood up opposite our house, and gave out that they were to have an open-air meeting.

A crowd quickly gathered; they said they would begin the meeting by singing, "Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled"; they then prayed in mockery, preached in mockery, and every now and again set the boys to pelt the door with stones, and cry out, "Come out you scoundrel, Scroggie." This continued for more than an hour, within almost a stone's throw of the police station; how much longer it would have lasted I do not know, but for the interference of a Scotch policeman, who, on his own responsibility, marched them both off to the lock-up for the night. My dear husband sat inside studying his Bible as if nothing amiss were happening.

At the open-air meetings we had very lively scenes. A man came one Sunday

afternoon, bringing a coil of rope with which to tie the preachers to the lamp-post. His companion, who had promised to help him, did not put in an appearance; so the little man had to stand by his coil of rope in a very crestfallen condition, being helpless to perform the task by himself. Another day they got a garden hose, and spurted water all over us. It was quite a common occurrence for several policemen to be at the open-air meeting to keep the preachers moving; so they walked, and preached the gospel as they went.

One Sunday there was a very large gathering of people listening to the message; during the meeting a gentleman came and asked one of the policemen if nothing could be done to stop these stammering tongues, as he could not get rest in his own house. He had come some distance to ask this question! One in the crowd told him to go home and mind his own business. Upon this the little man became furious, demanding this man's name and address. As he was writing it down the man said, "See you are shaking, the devil has got hold of you already." I do not say that this was the way to be made a blessing to the

gentleman, but this man was only one in the crowd, and not a Christian.

The gentleman next day took out a summons against the man for assault, and also against the preachers for disturbing him in his own house. We had a friend at Court, a solicitor, who made it a point to measure the distance from the preachers' to the gentleman's house, and also to get full particulars of all that took place. When the day came for them to appear at Court, the solicitor went to defend their case, and the gentleman went in person to plead for himself. When asked what he had against these men, he stated the above facts. The other side was then fully gone into by our friend the solicitor. The magistrate, turning to the gentleman, said, "You are the offender, and I dismiss the case." The poor man was hissed out of the Court. We had a praise meeting that evening in the Mission House, thanking the Lord that He had made the very wrath of man to praise Him.

"Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell,
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win,
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

Another very remarkable incident took place just about this time. Sir Athur Blackwood came every Thursday for a meeting in the Mission Hall, which was joined to the Mission House, where we lived. We could hear distinctly in the house what went on in the Hall. I had been very unwell, and was not able to go to Sir Arthur's meeting, but could almost hear the preaching in my bedroom. After everybody had left the Hall but Mr. Scroggie, I heard very angry words, and stamping of feet. I got frightened, and ran down to see what was the matter; there I found two tipsy men in the Hall, wishing to fight with my husband. My first thought was to send for a policeman, but my husband was perfectly calm, and would not hear of such a thing. I went back to my room, and asked the Lord to protect and preserve my husband from all harm; and that verse came as a voice from heaven to me—"What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee." My fears were all dispelled in a moment, and almost at the same time the noise ceased in the Hall, and I learned that the men had been persuaded to leave quietly.

Some time after this event, a lady called to see us, who had been to visit a woman who was very anxious about her soul. She

had told this lady that she was afraid to trust. I said, you should give her my verse —"What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee." She went at once to the woman, and, on the latter opening the door, the visitor said, "I have brought you a verse," quoted the above, and left her. Through it the dear woman was saved on the spot. When I visited her shortly afterwards, she had the text framed, and hung above her mantle-shelf. Truly "the Word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword."

During those days of sun and cloud, God spoke very definitely both in grace and judgment. Memory goes back to some instances of the latter just now. On one occasion, Mr. Scroggie went to see a woman who was very ill. Her husband opened the door. On learning who he was, and for what he had come, he began to curse and swear, and drove him off his premises. Not content with this, he sent us in the evening a most blasphemous postcard. My husband wrote to him, and said, that as we were commanded to pray for our enemies, we intended praying for him constantly, both in private and public. About a week after, this man went out to his work in his usual

health, but in a few hours was brought home in an unconscious condition, lived for a day, but never again spoke or regained consciousness.

On the opposite side of the same road, a man abused my husband in a most shameful way when he was visiting him, and threatened to throw him downstairs, "babbler and nuisance that he was in the place." A very short time after this the man was found dead in his bed. At another time, a woman who had said most shocking things about us, because we would speak to her about her soul, died suddenly as she sat in her armchair. Another woman who had resisted us in every possible way, was found dead in her bedroom, lying with everything torn off her, her hands clenched as if she had been fighting someone, and it is left for us to imagine what had taken place in that room that night. All these cases were within a stone's throw, almost, of our house. "Be not deceived, God is not mocked"; no one can fling himself against the bosses of Jehovah's buckler without suffering the inevitable penalty. To assault the children of God is to strike the "Apple of His Eye," and, although there is nothing revengeful or vindictive in God, yet every evil act is recompensed with retributive punishment.

CHAPTER VI.

The Way and the Work.

I MUST now come back to the home circle, and speak of the sun and shadow that played all across our lives there during the next few years.

Eighteen months had passed since our little Charlie was called to the home above, and twelve months since our Heavenly Father had given us another little life for our heart's love to twine around. He still continued to enrich our home: Jeannie, Maggie, and James were given during the next four years, and filled with soft, warm sunshine a path that was often dark and difficult. They are introduced here for what

will be said of them later on. The work at Streatham was arduous, and Mr. Scroggie was not strong; he managed, however, amid much opposition to make known the gospel to large numbers of people, personally and directly, by means of visitation, often to the number of two hundred and fifty families a month.

Sir Arthur Blackwood continued to come to the Hall every Thursday to conduct a meeting, and ever exhibited rare humility for one in so high a station in life. He was in the habit, for about four years, of taking tea with us on the occasion of these visits, and the memory of his fellowship at such times is a perpetual joy. One Thursday afternoon a lady called at our house, and asked if Sir Arthur intended coming to the Hall that evening; upon being informed that he did, she resorted thither to wait for him. When he arrived at our house he asked if a lady had called to see him. When told that she had, and was waiting at the Hall, he expressed a desire that she should be invited in to tea with him, and she came.

This lady had been for some time very anxious about her soul, had sought for light and help in many directions, but all in vain. One day when calling at the house of a

friend, she had occasion to wait for some minutes in the drawing-room, and, accidentally, as some would say, picked up one of Sir Arthur Blackwood's books, entitled, "Forgiveness, Life, and Glory"; after reading a portion of it she came to the conclusion that, if anyone was likely to give her the help she needed, it was the author of that book. So she wrote to him, asking if she might see him, with the result above stated. At our table that afternoon she received the Lord Jesus as her Saviour. Truly He does "devise means by which His banished be not expelled." She remained with us for the meeting, and that evening, at the close of the service, Sir Arthur announced that £70 was needed in order to square the working accounts, and he hoped that during the course of the week they would do what they could to meet that need.

Before Sir Arthur returned on the following Thursday, this lady had come to us and put down a cheque for £100 to be given to him anonymously. You may imagine what joy was his and the people's when it was announced that they were not only free from debt, but that they had a large balance with which to proceed. But this is always how our Father deals with us!

Such superintending Providence of God in the minutest details of human affairs has been proved hundreds of times over in our experience, and just as the deliverance of a whole nation depended, humanly speaking, upon a baby's cry; and the salvation of the Jews in captivity turned upon that sleepless night of the king of Persia, so here, a moment's delay, and a little book, met the need of a hungry soul; and God has multitudes of such means for bringing men and women to Himself.

An illustration of a different character, which is even still more remarkable, was in connection with our own little ones. They early learned with us to sing the praises of God, and were ever ready to do so. Opposite to where we lived was a man whose opposition to all that was good was most pronounced, and from whose lips the foul oath easily and constantly fell. His little girl used to come across to us and play; there she often heard of Jesus from our children's hymns. We were not a little surprised, however, when one day the mother asked if we would allow our children to go across to her home to tea. Wondering at first what was the right thing to do, fearing perhaps that they might

for the first time hear what might prove to be as a noxious weed in the garden of their minds, we at last decided to send them. When they returned, I questioned them closely as to all they had said and done; they told me the hymns they had sung, and what they had said; also that their little friend's father was at home.

Many years after this, and when the dear children were taken from us, we returned to visit the former scene of our labours; it spread from one to another that we were in the neighbourhood, and interest was aroused among those whom we had known. When passing along one of the streets I was conscious of someone following me closely. Presently this stranger addressed me, and said, "Are you Mrs. Scroggie?" On being assured of this, she continued, "I have wished for a long time to see you, and deliver to you the message of a dying man, who bade me say that he died trusting in the precious Blood, and that the change was wrought in his soul by those little hymns which your children sang when they went that afternoon to his house to tea!"

How I praised God; the bread cast upon the waters will surely return after many

days, and even now, on the way to the Cross, "A little child shall lead them." We know not what a ministry we can exercise through our children, if only we will train them for God. Alas! that to-day in hundreds of Christian homes, professedly, are to be seen the ruins of the family altar, which was once its strength and boast. The excuse so largely offered, that the perpetual rush of our modern life renders such a practice impossible, is rather an additional reason for the close guarding of such a sacred privilege as this. Thank God there are not lacking those who daily pray that the time may be speedily revived when, as of old,

> The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
> They round the ingle, form a circle wide;
> The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
> The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride:
> His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
> His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
> Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
> He wails a portion with judicious care;
> And, 'Let us worship God,' he says, with solemn air."

That passage will not mean so much to those on the southern side of the Tweed, as to us, whose noblest traditions it epitomises, but north or south, there is this common need, and an open way to a common throne for all.

It is as I think of dear old Scotland, the land of thistle and heather, that I am reminded of the goodness of God, at the time of which I speak, in providing that we should again visit our loved ones at home. We were just £1 short of the amount required for our expenses, and we committed the matter to our Father. Just at that time, a lady who had three weeks previously taken farewell of us, and who was to travel on the Continent for several months, most unexpectedly appeared at our house. We expressed our surprise at seeing her again so soon, and she told us that she could not settle anywhere, and so had returned; that during her wanderings she had carried about in her pocket a Postal Order, which she had now come to give us: it was an Order for £1! according to our need.

Plans and Continents are of no account with God, Whose designs are for His people. Surely the secret is an open one—"He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, HOW SHALL HE NOT WITH HIM ALSO FREELY GIVE US ALL THINGS?" The author of "Guesses at Truth" asks, "Who are atheists?" And himself says, "I answer with sorrow and awe, practically every man

is an atheist, who lives without God in the world." That is more than a guess, it is a FACT. How fascinating is the life of a child of God, who is cast upon Him for all; and how mysterious is such a life not only to the unbeliever, but to large numbers of Christians who say they trust God for their SOULS and for ETERNITY, but cannot so well trust Him with their BODIES for TIME. The besetting sin is UNBELIEF. What is there to be compared to being cared for by God Himself, having every need supplied by Him, both spiritual and temporal, and in such a variety of ways, and through so many channels? Oh! it is all so wonderful, and the outwondering thing is that we are kept, notwithstanding all our enemies within and without, "Kept for Jesus Christ" (Jude 1, R.V.)

CHAPTER VII.

Guided and Kept.

CIRCUMSTANCES now pointed to the conclusion of our work at Streatham, and we sought guidance of God as to the future path. To-day, as long ago, the Lord often calls His people from one place to another without at once showing them the sphere He is preparing for them; and so we went out, "not knowing whither" we went. The farewell meeting at Streatham was one never to be forgotten, a time of memories, and hopes, and love. My husband and myself were the recipients of many tokens of the affection of God's people: a watch and chain, a large and

beautifully-fitted morocco desk from Sir Arthur Blackwood, a morocco handbag, and a sewing machine being amongst the gifts; but the greatest joy of all came in the assurance that we were leaving behind us those whom the Lord had used us to bring to the knowledge of Himself. It has been said that during His earthly ministry the Lord never departed from a town or village without leaving a curate behind Him to carry on the work, and in this we should follow in His steps.

But now our way was made clear; and though the place to which we went was not one which we would have at all chosen had the choice been left to us, yet it was unmistakably the place of His appointing, and that sufficed. I wonder if my brothers and sisters in Christ reading this really believe that our lives in detail are appointed of God, and that not to know and follow His plan for us is to court trouble and failure? Not only are we called to serve Christ, but

THE SPHERE OF OUR SERVICE

is ordered by Him. He said to Jonah, "Go east," and Jonah went west, and with what result? Instead of rebuking a king, he was rebuked by a shipmaster, and had to pass through a sea of shame and discipline. Paul

assayed to go to Bithynia, "but the Spirit suffered him not." Why? Here is the answer—"Peter, to the Elect of . . . Cappadocia, Asia, and BITHYNIA." It was Peter's place, not Paul's, and therefore the Spirit would not let the apostle to the Gentiles go near. Alas! to-day, for lack of understanding this, thousands of the Lord's people are in one another's places, and the service which should be successful is all confused. Ask God if you are in HIS PLACE FOR YOU.

We went to Buckinghamshire, and undertook work in a small village. After where we had been, the place appeared like a desert, but then splendid work has been done in deserts in days gone by, and here souls were to be saved who were in after years to spread the Name over a wide field of influence. Nor were we there long before the Spirit discovered some who had never discovered themselves. For instance, we found that the young lady who played the organ at the Hall was not a Christian. This we believed was contrary to the will of God, for His work must not only be done in His way, but by His people; yet we felt that the best thing to do was to pray that she might be saved. It was noticed as time went

on that she became very restless and uneasy, and we recognized in this the working of the Spirit with her. After the meeting one Sunday evening, this young lady linked herself on my arm and began speaking of spiritual things. I asked her if she had accepted the Saviour, and learned with joy that she had, and that, without anyone having spoken to her personally about the matter.

The gospel is God's power, and is enough for all His purpose. I know of nothing more urgent to-day than that men and women engaged in the recognized service of Christ should be soundly converted to God. Class-leaders, Endeavourers, Sunday School Teachers, Organists, Members of Choirs, Secretaries, Treasurers, Elders, Deacons, and even Vicars, Curates, and Ministers of Churches, in numberless cases, have never stood behind the sheltering Blood, have never been delivered from the guilt of sin, or come into possession of the life of God. Everbody finds it necessary to have so much religion, but religion does not save. Cain was one of the most devoted religionists who ever trod the soil. Once an old woman, asked if she had religion, replied, "No, thank God, I've lost that, it was

nearly the death of me, and now I have Christ." I would to God that the multitude of our religionists to-day would make the same fruitful exchange.

Others evinced much interest in the meetings, and the work prospered. Mrs. Graham, and her family, who lived about a mile away, came constantly; and one of the daughters who seemed specially interested, we invited one day to tea, and, to our great delight, discovered that to her also the Word had brought life. We know now, what then we could not forsee, that our gracious Father was giving to us in this family, friends after His own heart, who were to enter into the warp and woof of our life, and be to us for a quarter of a century His messengers and healers in times of need. True friendship is very rare; it cannot be arranged, but must be Divinely given.

Classes for servant girls and for children were commenced, and thrived in opposition. The district in which we were placed was very ritualistic, and the children who attended our meetings were bribed to stay away, and even threatened if they would not do so; but in spite of all, blessing abounded. "A great door and effectual is

opened unto me AND THERE ARE MANY ADVERSARIES." This briefly sets forth the character and consequences of all true Christian service, and the Church of God has yet to do that piece of God's work which the devil will not oppose. If you get the world up in a corner, like a rat, it will fly at you, and so it proved with us. Those whom the Lord saved straightway entered into the fires of affliction, and "suffered according to the will of God." One woman came to us early one morning to tell us that Christ had found her, and together we rejoiced; but her drunken husband was enraged beyond measure. He would not give her food to eat, and when there was more on the breakfast table than he needed, he threw it into the fire lest she should get it after he had left the house. Once he burned her bonnet so that she might not come to the Hall, and he constantly abused and maltreated her. I have seen that poor woman so disfigured by his blows, that for a fortnight at a time she would not be presentable. At last she feared to remain in the house with him, for he had threatened her life, and she came to us for protection. When the man came home at night, drunk as usual, and found his wife gone, he was like a

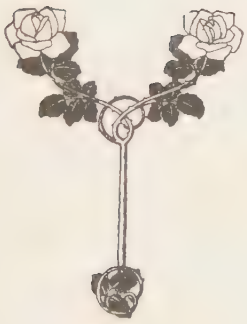
demon, abused us for sheltering her, and in the night came and fired a gun several times below our bedroom window, and then battered the door until we thought that at any moment he would be in upon us: but the Lord our Keeper was round about.

The offence of the Cross is the same to-day as ever. The belief that the world is getting better is a pitiable delusion, for whether we look upon the gross bestiality of the East End, or the cultured devilry of the West End, all alike witness to the true character of the human heart as "desperately wicked," and Satan would blind the minds even of God's people to the facts.

In another instance a woman who attended the meetings regularly, had her boots burned by her husband so that she might not come, but over every obstacle the Lord prevailed. There was a woman of seventy years of age, living two miles away, who was brought to Christ. One day Mr. Scroggie met her husband, who said, "I don't know what has come over my old woman; when she did the washing she used to be fit for nought but to tumble into bed; but after last washing day, she brushed herself up like a young 'un, linked herself arm-in-arm with some o' them people, and walked two miles to a gospel

meetin', singin', 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.'" I happened to be one "o' them people," and can testify to the joy of that dear old soul over her newly-found Lord. Yes—

"Jesus knows all about our struggles,
He will guide till the day is done;
There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus,
No, not one."



CHAPTER VIII.

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

LET me once again come back to the home and children for some new message to our hearts. Our little lad, Tommy, now four years of age was, exceptionally thoughtful, and loved to speak of spiritual things. We had ceaselessly prayed that he might early be won for the Saviour, and prayer was graciously answered. One morning, whilst helping him to dress, I said, "My darling Tommy, I wish you were a Christian." Looking up into my face in such earnestness, he replied, "Mother, I have asked Jesus ever so often for a new heart, and He hasn't given it to me; I think He must have given them all away." I assured him

this was not the case, because I knew He had one for Tom. In the evening of the same day, when his father and I returned from a gospel meeting, we were met at the door by Tommy, with a beaming face, and before we had time to speak he exclaimed, "Oh, mother, I have got a new heart now: when papa and you went to the meeting I asked God for a new heart, and He has given it to me, and it is here" (pointing to his breast). We both rejoiced with him, and thanked the Lord.

It was my custom every morning to take the three eldest children away by themselves, and pray with and for them, mentioning them by name to the Lord. On the day following this incident, I purposely made no difference, but commenced to pray for Tom, asking the Lord to make him one of His own; and then for Jeannie and Maggie. We rose from our knees, and I shall never forget that dear boy's look as he said, "Mother, that will never do, I told you last night I got a new heart, I don't need two new hearts now." And from that time, until the Lord took him to be with Himself—but one short year after—He gave every evidence that he was truly saved. His faith was most simple and beautiful, it mattered not for what he

was asking, whether a fine day, a toy, or ought else, he just asked, and never seemed to doubt that it would be given. The Lord was so loving in answering his little prayers, and strengthening his childlike faith.

I remember well, that a few weeks after he was brought to Christ we were all invited to spend an afternoon with our friends, the Grahams already mentioned. To dear Tom this outing was looked forward to with great delight, and he would count the days, and say, "Mother, we will soon go to tea"; and at last, "to-morrow we go to tea." In the early morning of the next day, long before daylight, I was awakened by someone speaking, and as I listened, I knew the dear children were praying. I could hear the petition over and over again—"O Lord, stop the rain, Thou knowest we are all going out to tea; oh, stop the rain, and make the sun shine." This, I found to be dear Tom, who had awakened early, and hearing the rain pattering against the window, had concluded we could not go unless it stopped, and so he was out of his little crib kneeling at a chair, and asking God to stop the rain.

We did not let him know that we had heard him, but after a little silence he prayed again, and still it rained. After breakfast,

Tom came to me with such a look of disappointment on his dear face, and said, "Mother, I have been asking God all the morning to stop the rain, and He has not done it; will you go and ask Him?" "My darling boy," I answered, "perhaps you have not asked Him in the right way; what did you say to God?" "I told Him we were going out to tea, and I wanted the sun to shine," he said. I told him that God did not answer prayer like that; that it was for Jesus' sake that He gives us what we ask. The dear boy, without saying a word, hastened to his room, and shut the door. I could hear him praying—"O Lord, stop the rain for Jesus' sake"; not a word about tea or anything else, and when he came out, it was with such a bright smile and look of triumph. He went out into the garden, and looked expectantly at the clouds which had begun to break, and in less than half-an-hour the rain stopped, and the sun shone brightly for the rest of the day. As we went across the common to the home of our friends, I said to him, "Now my dear boy, you will always remember that it is for Jesus' sake that God answers prayer, and not because we want a little bit of enjoyment or happiness," and he never forgot it. This is a lesson

which older ones need to learn— "Whatsoever ye shall ask in My Name, that will I do."

Another very beautiful instance of answered prayer in this dear child's life may be given. My husband and I were going up to London to attend the meetings of Moody and Sankey, and as we were leaving, Tom came to me and said, "Mother, I want you to buy a dollie for Jeannie and Maggie, and a horse for me." I told him that that meant money, and mother had not any to spend on those things just then. With a radiant look on his face he said, "But I have asked God to give you the money and He will." "Very well, my darling, if God gives me the money, you shall have what you wish," I answered, thinking at the same time that it was not very probable. However, we came to London, and, after tea, we started for the meeting, our friend Mr. Reade walking with me. As we went along, he pushed something into my hand and said, "That is to buy some little thing to take home to the children." On looking within, I found it was a half-sovereign; I felt quite overcome, and had to tell him all. And so our dear boy's prayers were again and speedily answered. Oh, for faith like this, for childlike trust that

will bring all to our loving Father, and commit all to his wise love. Surely this dear boy's confidence in God will not only shame us, but lead us into a like repose upon the Divine love.

CHAPTER IX.

Thick Shadows Fall.

WITH bowed head and bruised heart I will endeavour to tell this next part of my story, and I pray that from my wounds healing may flow to many a sorrowing heart. The Guiding Pillar was now leading us out and on, but we knew not exactly whither. My dear husband was called to evangelistic work in the North of England, along with Mr. Dunn, and in connection with Mr. James Carr, of Carlisle, who had undertaken his temporal need, while leaving him perfectly free to go where the Lord might lead. This of course, meant that we would often be separated, and after seven years of married life, during which time we had never been parted, I cannot say

that I was quite acquiescent. We little knew all that was before us, or we could never have faced it. How much we have to praise God, for veiled sorrows and hidden joys!

Well, the home at Naphill was broken up, and we took part of a house in the West of London, and then my husband went north, leaving me with the children. During this time I became very depressed, and had a strange presentiment that something was about to occur among us; what I could not say. It was then thought best that we should make our home in the north, and Annan, on the Scotch border, was decided upon. As the expense of removing would be considerable, we felt it better to dispose of our furniture, and Mr. Scroggie's books. This was a sore trial to my husband, as he was very fond of his books, but it seemed inevitable. A man who seemed most anxious to do the right thing for us, offered to dispose of them to highest advantage, and so was entrusted with a large caseful. One day, while we were out, he called, and left thirty shillings, and a message that that was all he could get for them. We discovered that we had fallen into the hands of a rogue, and that the much-prized volumes were irre-

coverable, every attempt to discover the whereabouts of the man having failed. Our furniture also did not realize what it was worth; and added to all this, our darling little boy James was very ill, through having drunk bad milk, so that when we left London it was with heavy hearts.

Arriving at Annan we were warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, who had, for the time-being, secured rooms for us, until our path should be clearer. However, within a few days we took a house, and by way of furniture, bought only those things that were absolutely necessary for our immediate use, amounting in all to about £30. Our little boy got rapidly worse, and his illness developed into consumption of the bowels. Oh, to see the craving that dear child had for something to eat, and yet unable to retain anything for more than a moment. At times he seemed a little better, and then worse again; after we had been but a few weeks in our new home, he was taken from us to be with the Lord, away from all the suffering.

Six years had passed since we had last stood at the open grave in Hampshire, and committed to the dust the body of Charlie, our firstborn; and now the wound was

opened afresh, and our hearts were sore, oh, so sore, although we knew that our precious boy was in far better keeping than our own; but still we wept, as did our blessed Master when down here, and perhaps we never get nearer to the wealth of His comfort than at such times. The three dear little pets who were left were so bright and happy, and in a sense other-worldly, that even their joy seemed to make me sad, fear would rush in that they too might soon be called. They would meet together, talk of what they would wear in heaven, and what they would do there! their whole conversation seemed to be away from earth. I remember one night, after I had bathed and put them to bed, Jeannie, who had lain awake for some time, said to me, "Mother, will there be any time-pieces in heaven?" I told her that there would be no need for such things there; but looking round the room from one thing to another, she asked, concerning them, the same question: at last, she said: "Well, mother, I know one thing that will be in heaven, little James' cradle." We had carried our little lad out in the cradle in which he had died, and the children never saw it again, but they had thought about it. I did not answer Jeannie this time, and after

a while she asked again: "Oh, mother, but when will Jesus take us to heaven?" "I cannot tell that, Jeannie," I replied, and then she said: "Perhaps He will leave us just a little minute down here." I could not answer her, but somehow felt it was to be only a little minute!

Tom was full of the thought of soon being where little James was. I remember him coming to me one day and saying: "Mother, I want a watch; not a penny watch, but a ticking one like father's." I told him it was only a month to Christmas, and then I would put a ticking watch on the tree for him. But this did not seem to satisfy him, so he went to our servant Ann, who was a dear Christian, and who had a little silver watch in her kitchen, and he said: "Ann, will you give me your watch, I want a ticking watch like father's?" "Well, Tom," replied Ann, "I cannot spare my watch now, but when I go to heaven, I will leave my watch to you." I shall never forget that dear boy, as, standing so erect, with his little hands behind his back, he said: "Ann, that will not do; I am going to heaven myself." And within one short fortnight he was there! He had failed with us both, and

then he asked Jesus to give him a ticking watch.

Mr. Dunn, already referred to, came to our house about a week after this, and while with us he said, "Tom, my boy, I have brought something for you," and taking a little square box out of his pocket, opening it, held up to Tom's delighted gaze a ticking watch, with a long chain attached to it! Just at this time he sickened with fever, and was confined to his bed, but he would have his watch hung above his head, and there it was until he died. When he was too ill to speak, he would, when anyone came into the room, look up to his watch, as much as to say: "See what Jesus has given me." Two days after Tom was laid aside, Maggie was stricken down, and Jeannie within a few days more. It was pronounced by the doctor to be scarlet fever of a most malignant type. Everything was done for these precious children that human skill and love could devise, but it was of no avail: Tom passed away on December 12th, 1875, aged five years and four months; Maggie, on the 13th of the same month, aged two years and six months; and Jeannie the next day, aged four years and three months.

On the Monday of that week they were all in the best of health, but by the following

Monday they were all in one little grave. As I write now, after the lapse of thirty-three years, it is all as fresh as though it had been yesterday, and I am bowed down with grief; oh, what will it be to meet them again, where there shall be no more parting and no more sorrow or death!

But someone might say, "Can such sorrow as this be the portion of one whose life is lived in the love of God?" My heart answers, Yes; for though no chastisement at the time seems to be joyous, but grievous, yet our common experience is added to the Divine declaration that, to those who are exercised by it, it does yield the peaceable fruit of righteousness. How very near God has come to me at such times as these, I can never tell; and although I would not choose to go over one step of that way again, neither would I now miss the proof which such a way has given me of "the faithfulness of God." He never lets one burden fall upon us before He has weighed it according to the strength which He gives us.

It **seems** indeed at times
As though God were unkind;
But then, it only "seems."
There ever lies behind
A purpose ever kind,
Which they who trust may know.

And what we know not now, we shall know hereafter.

> "Not now, but in the coming years,
> It may be in the better land,
> We'll read the meaning of our tears,
> And then we'll understand."

And oh, let me urge, as one who has had to tread the way, that at such times as these we be not found so foolish as to forsake or doubt Him Who is our only comfort and strength.

Much sympathy reached us from all parts of the world, where, unknown to us, prayer had been offered for us. One letter, which I must specially name, came from India, saying, that a dear Indian woman, who had been saved, had lost one little child. Her grief was overwhelming, she sat on the ground and would not be comforted. When the little notice, which appeared in "The Christian," telling of the removal of all our children was read to her, she rose, washed herself, and took food, saying, "If **they** can thank God, and trust Him, I will," and she was comforted.

A statement of our great trouble was made in "The Christian" as follows: "'Weep with them that weep.' 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.' The

hand of affliction has fallen heavily on our dear brother Scroggie and his wife, their four little children—the whole of their family—have been taken away. The youngest, a little babe, was taken a fortnight ago. Then fever entered their home, and on the 12th, Tom, the eldest, passed away; on the 13th, Maggie; and on the 14th, Jeannie. They are at present residing at Annan, in Dumfries, where they have been only for a few weeks, during which time the doctor has scarcely been out of their house. Their stripped and desolate home seemed to be almost more than they could bear, and Mr. and Mrs. Dunn have rejoiced to take the dear stricken ones to their home in the meanwhile. They are most graciously sustained in their deep sorrow; and when Mr. Dunn, his beloved fellow-labourer in the gospel, asked what he could do for him, Mr. Scroggie's answer was, 'Just praise the Lord, Mr. Dunn.' Mr. Scroggie feels it impossible to write to all his friends, so he has asked that this notice might be forwarded to "The Christian" by way of intimation; and also that the prayers of believers may be secured on his and on his wife's behalf.

"After the death of the youngest, the others talked so much about heaven, that

their parents feel now that it has been quite prophetic, as if their little hearts were so fixed there, that they could not keep away; and as their parents were standing around their little coffins yesterday, it almost seemed as if they heard their children singing in heaven. Such a sorrow, which is of no ordinary kind, will, we are sure, call forth more than ordinary sympathy from the Lord's people. We think God must be preparing our brother for more special service even than he has been called to before. His desire, and that of his beloved wife, is that God may be glorified in this sore trial. We are sure that the Lord will not fail them—'For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolations also abound in Christ' (II. Corinthians i. 5)."

"Shall I pass through waves of sorrow?
Then I know it will be best;
Though I cannot tell the reasons, I can trust and so am blest.
God is love, and God is faithful, so in perfect peace I rest."

CHAPTER X.

Back from the Grave.

AFTER the funeral of our little ones, we went to the home of our friend, Mr. Dunn, and the next day my dear husband was stricken down with the same fever, and became unconscious. Friends, whom God had graciously raised up for us, came again to our help, and a first-class physician was sent to Scotland from Carlisle. In consultation with the local doctors, he pronounced the case hopeless, and such indeed it seemed to be, but God's purposes do not always lie revealed, and in this instance, as you will see, He exercised on His servant's behalf a power which no doctor can possess. I was by this

time becoming consciously weaker, and the strain threatened to be too much for me, but

> "Never a heartache, and never a groan,
> Never a teardrop, and never a moan;
> Never a danger, but there on the throne
> Moment by moment He thinks of His own."

And when I could endure no longer, provision was at hand: a trained nurse was sent to undertake the night work, and my sister came from the North of Scotland to be with me. I anticipated the day when the fever would reach the crisis, with much misgiving and dread, everything pointed to my husband succumbing before it. I sent word of the situation to various assemblies of the Lord's people, and asked for special prayer at the time of the turn. In the providence of God this fell on a Sunday, and at midday, just when the Lord's people, being met, could pray together about it. I snatched some rest during the previous night, and in the early morning I went to my husband: in answer to my question as to how he had been, the nurse replied, "as low as he could possibly be without actually going." She went to her rest, and I locked the door, and was left alone with my beloved one, who was oblivious to all around, and I waited for the last.

He had been kept alive during the previous fortnight by a dessert-spoonful of brandy and of champagne at alternate hours. As I waited by his side, I had a strong impulse to give him his brandy ten minutes before the time, and I have no doubt but that this was from God, for as soon as he had taken it he opened his eyes, and looking at me, he said, "What is happening, I am getting all stiff?" For a moment I thought the last had come, but the Lord spoke in comfort to my heart.

I took his hands into mine, and they were quite stiff. He spoke again, and said: "What day is this?" I told him it was Sunday, and he replied: "Oh, I wish I could sing, but I shall sing soon; the worst of it is, I have no appetite, but I shall have one soon." This came to me as a message from heaven, assuring me of his recovery, and I called downstairs to my sister, "James is going to get better," and I felt quite sure of it. When the doctor came in the evening, I met him with the good news, but he shook his head, "No change." On Monday and Tuesday again he gave the same verdict, but on the Wednesday he said: "Now, Mrs. Scroggie, I can give you good news this morning, your husband has decidedly taken a turn for

the better." I told him I was confident the turn had been taken on Sunday; and from now James' appetite increased, but his legs and arms remained stiff. We tried various things for his recovery, but to no purpose, and at last we had to face the fact, that the poison of the fever had settled in his joints, and he had no use of his arms and legs; but I need not say how grateful I was to God for sparing his life.

The Lord continued to surround us with the kindest of friends, who seemed to take a delight in our need, that they might supply it; and the Lord Who raised them up alone can reward them. We were now strongly advised to leave the neighbourhood, both for my husband's and my own sake, and the Isle of Wight was recommended. It was just at this time that our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Reade, previously mentioned, wrote asking us to come to their home there, and stay as long as we liked. It required faith on their part to invite us from such a fever-stricken home, but they felt the leading of God, obeyed and trusted. During the next two months, December and January, 1875-6, we had fresh and abundant evidence of the providing care of our God, for, as you may imagine, our expenses by

this time were considerable, not, however, too large for His love; during these few weeks He sent us within a few shillings of £60 from various sources; and when the time came to leave, all our liabilities with one exception, to which we will again refer, were met.

We had to dispense with our belongings, clothes, furniture, and all, and set out afresh, but with no dear little ones. It was a great undertaking to travel such a distance with my husband in his helpless condition; he had to be carried about by two men, for he had no power in his legs; but his brother, John M. Scroggie, so well known as an Evangelist at this time, met us at Carlisle, and accompanied us to London. We remained in London one night before proceeding to the Isle of Wight, and here again evidence was given us of Christian love and sympathy in our sore trial. When I entered our names in the hotel register, the landlady started, and said, "Are you the Mr. and Mrs. Scroggie who have lost all their children?" I replied that we were, and she said, "Oh, we have prayed so much for you in this hotel." Truly, if "one member suffer, all the members suffer with it," and we were made to realize at this time, in

quite a peculiar degree, how vitally related are all members of Christ's Spiritual Body.

Proceeding to Blackgang, in the Isle of Wight, we received a very warm welcome, and a week later a little daughter was born to us. Although passionately fond of children, I confess I was now afraid to have another in my arms, after what we had passed through; but the Lord had given her to comfort us in our loneliness. The effects of the past months were now beginning to manifest themselves in me, and for some time I was very ill. We were, however, surrounded by God's dear people, who did not spare themselves in order to minister to our necessity.

My husband remained in the same helpless condition, without the use of either legs or arms, and the want of exercise resulted in severe liver disorder: he was washed and dressed daily by an attendant, and carried up and down stairs. Seeing that he seemed to be getting more helpless, the doctor advised him to go to St. George's Hospital, London, and have some sinews cut, which would enable him to put his toes to the ground, and walk about with the help of crutches. With this in view, the doctor had

a letter of admission sent to us from the hospital, but I absolutely refused to let my husband go, being willing rather to nurse him for the rest of his life than that he should undergo such an unpromising operation. Meanwhile we laboured in prayer that our gracious Father would make His way very plain before us, and this He did before long. In reviewing the dealings of God with us, our only shame is, that we ever doubted or grieved Him: when His purposes have been most hidden from us, He was nearest to us, richly blessing for Jesus' sake. How true:

> "We are not skilled to understand
> What God hath willed, what God hath planned,
> We only know at His right hand
> Stands one Who is our Saviour."

At this time an incident occurred which is worth recording. One wild and stormy night a vessel was wrecked off our coast, and seventeen of the sailors, in a pitiable condition, were brought ashore, and taken to the hotel opposite to where we were staying with our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Reade. We set to work at once to find clothes for these poor fellows, and at last succeeded in making them look respectable. The next day our friends invited them all to tea, which was to be followed by a meeting. I shall not

JAMES J. SCROGGIE.

readily forget the sight of those men, and God spoke effectually to many of them. One would not allow any of the ladies to speak to him, but would have Mr. Reade go upstairs with him alone. He was in a very excited condition, and told our friend that if he knew what he had been and done, he would not be in that room with him alone.

This poor man could not believe that there was pardon for him, but the Spirit of all power had begun to work upon his heart. The tea and meeting were repeated the next day, and several others professed conversion. The following day these men proceeded to London, but on the journey the man referred to above became so agitated in soul and mind that he turned and came back, and presented himself at the house. The Lord graciously answered our prayers concerning him, and shortly afterwards he wrote an account of his conversion in "The Christian." Yes—

> "The Lion of Judah can break every chain
> And give us the victory again and again."

CHAPTER XI.

A Roundabout but a Right Way.

I HAVE already mentioned that before we left Scotland we paid off all accounts save one, and that was the doctor's. He had only paid us one visit, but he had come from Carlisle, and we rather feared to see his bill. However, I wrote and asked him to send his account, although at the time we had nothing with which to pay it. When the account for £10 came, we cried to the Lord for help, that we might no longer owe any man anything, but to love one another. It was at this time that a friend, Mr. R. C. Morgan, sent us £12, being, however, quite ignorant of our existing need; but the channel knows not always what its Lord

doeth. I immediately forwarded the doctor's fee, and in a day or two, had a most kind letter back, enclosing receipt and a £5 note.

> So is our need supplied, if we but trust,
> What He has said He'll do, He will—He must.

During our four months' stay in the Isle of Wight our gracious Provider sent us, through various sources, £41 15., and these facts we record only for His glory.

"Carest Thou not?" is the language of the doubting disciple.

"He careth for you," is the answer of the indwelling Spirit.

"Casting all your care upon Him," is the call to a new life of faith.

The Editor of "The Christian" kindly inserted from time to time a notice of my husband's condition, for the sake of the many friends who were making enquiry; and it was through this medium that our prayers were to be wonderfully and graciously answered, and in the following ma ner:

When living formerly at Streatham, Mr. Scroggie had, at the request of Miss Boobbyer, gone to preach at Dulwich, and the Word was owned of God. This lady, who

was a great invalid, had subsequently removed to Malvern, to undergo special treatment. Just at the time, referred to above, when the doctor was urging my husband to go into the hospital for an operation, one of these notices of his condition appeared in "The Christian." Miss Boobbyer had read this, and supposing it to be the brother of the Mr. Scroggie she knew, who was thus afflicted, she ventured to write, and say that the treatment she herself was undergoing was, she thought, the very thing he needed, and would most likely effect a cure. This we took to be a direct answer to our prayers, and I at once replied, asking for further information, and telling her that it was the friend she knew to whom she had written, and not his brother. This dear servant of God is now with the Lord, but every remembrance of her is sweet, and some of the fragrance of her life has been preserved for us in the record of the Lord's dealing with her, in a work entitled, "Broken Purposes but Answered Prayer."

The way was now opened up for us, and He Who put His sheep forth went before them. The journey from the Isle to Malvern was difficult, and expensive, as Mr. Scroggie had to be carried by two men at

every stage of the way, and I had the charge of our little girl, now four months old. But after all these expenses were paid we had £6 remaining. When the doctor, who had undertaken my husband's case, saw him, he said, "Well, you are at present a perfect wreck, but if you give me time I will not only cure your limbs, but your liver trouble also." This was great, glad news indeed, for Mr. Scroggie had suffered with his liver for over ten years, and I asked the doctor how long it would take him; if he could manage it in six weeks. I was thinking of our £6, forgetting that the God, Who let not the meal waste nor the oil fail, Who multiplied the loaves and the fishes, could and would, even as before, supply all our need. When I asked the question the old doctor smiled, and said that he would let me know in six weeks how his patient was progressing. Little did we then think that it would be a full twelve months before he would have the use of his limbs; but our Lord, in grace, veils the future, that its sorrows may not overwhelm us, and that its joys may not fail to gladden.

> The Lord may lead thee "near" or "round about,"
> No matter how, my soul,—step out.

At one of the houses to which we went, we asked the landlady if she had any

objection to our singing in our rooms. She was quite agreeable, and said that her servants might come in to our morning reading. It was our practice at such times to throw wide open the windows, so that in song we might bear our witness to Christ in the surrounding neighbourhood. We had noticed that on these occasions a lady and her two little boys, who were staying at a large boarding-house near, made a point of coming into the garden each morning, and sitting there during the time we were singing. This trifling incident, as it might seem, was destined to bear fruit in coming days. We remained in these apartments for several months, and the doctor, or his man, who bathed and rubbed, was in daily attendance upon my husband. We were told that Mr. Scroggie would be worse before he got better, and this we found to be true.

Our £6 had by this time all been spent, and we were looking to Him, Who numbers the hairs of our heads, for the supply of all our need. The doctor insisted on my husband having the best of food, as his life, humanly speaking, was dependent upon it; add to this the expense of our apartments, and you will understand that the output was great. We were, however,

powerless to do anything for ourselves, so that God's power and grace were the more manifested in the supply of all our need out of His abundant fulness. He has but to open His hand, and the wants of every living creature are supplied.

"The birds without barn or storehouse are fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written 'The Lord will provide.'"

As the expenses of the weeks fell due, we were always able to pay them, though not knowing at any time whence the supply was to come: and the Lord kept our minds in perfect peace, stayed upon Him. Our gracious Father raised up special friends for us during the whole of this trying time, without whom, it is difficult to see how we could have at all continued. Mrs. Graham and her daughters, already referred to, were specially sent of God, and about this time removed to Malvern in order to be near to us. But throughout, the Lord's dealings with us stirred up the displeasure of the devil, and he made use of whom he could to harass us. The landlady, who had been so agreeable to us singing, had come to dislike it, and told us that her house had been like a theatre ever since we came into it; and on this ground she gave us notice to leave.

In our next rooms, we met with a similar opposition to the singing, and the landlady complained that people's attention was being attracted to the house, and she did not wish to lose the good opinion of the world: she was withal a professing Christian. I referred her to my husband, who spoke very plainly to her as to the worthlessness of the world's opinion, and the terrible loss that was her's if she had not the Lord's good pleasure. But once again we had to remove, for the offence of the Cross has not yet ceased. Our next abode was more congenial, and no further objection was taken to our liberty in the Spirit. Here a little son was born to us, and our little girl was getting to be a most interesting child, such a comfort to our bereaved hearts. Gain and pain were strangely and wonderfully blended for us during these days, and as we look back through the years we see, in some measure, how needful was every experience, to our separation of life, and purification of soul.

Had I my way to choose, how easy I
Would make it: how free from chilling blast,
How sheltered and secure. No piercing sorrow should invade
The precincts of my life; no disappointment fall
Across my eager spirit, but I should know
The sweets of rest, the joy of comfort
Undisturbed by any outer power.

Choose then thy way, O soul, but know
The way thou choosest. For thee no mountain heights,
No rapturous delights in daylight breaking;
No sense of victory gained, or evil driven. No not for thee.
The strength that comes in conflict sore; the joy
Of grand achievement, the gain that follows every loss,
And most of all the glory of the Cross—these, these are not
for thee.

Oh, better far, to let Him choose thy way
Who never chose His own; to let Him lead thee
Through the valley drear, and up the mountain steep;
Through light and dark, thro' sun and snow, to where
Eternal Love makes all things plain, and shows us
How severest loss was lasting gain. Oh, better far,
To let Him choose thy way: what wilt thou say?

ChooseThou my way, O Lord, I dare not
Choose my own; the things I crave for most,—
A spirit pure, a heart at ease, a life from sin
Set free; these Thou alone canst give: all else
Is but a passing thought. Oh may I not resent
Thy chastening hand, but learn to understand
That only Thou canst order me aright.

And whichever way He guides is right, whether it be agreeable to us or not. Dedication to God across the whole length of one's life and in its depths, is a very real thing, and will be tested again and again. These testings, so far from indicating any indifference on the part of God towards His children, but reveal how great is the love that is not satisfied until our heart's affection is weaned from dependence upon anything around us, and centred only in

Him. Thus at this time we received a letter to say that the man with whom we had warehoused all our belongings when our children died, had failed, and that all the goods in his possession had been taken by his creditors. This was a heavy trial to us, as the presents given to me at the time of our marriage were deposited there, and all were lost. All—did I say? No, our ALL was left to us, HIMSELF, Who is more than home, and dearer than children, and Who is the Giver of all these gifts.

Often we were kept waiting weeks together for financial means, and our expenses were at all times heavy; but He Who never is before His time, never is behind; and the trial of our faith was proved to be more precious than the trial of gold which perisheth, though even it is tried with fire. But in the fiercest fire we have the Lord, and those whom He sends to us for comfort and encouragement. Such indeed were the Misses Graham, already mentioned, who were at this time living close beside us, and after whom we named our little son. When this dear boy was born we had not a single shilling in our purse, but before he was a fortnight old we had thirty pounds. The first donation came from Mr. William

Chesterman, who, upon hearing that our laddie's name was Willie, the same as his own, said, "I must empty my pockets for the dear boy," and he put into his little hand 15s. Following him were four friends, who each sent us £5, and the remainder came in smaller amounts from several sources. First, came the trial, then the triumph; first, the famine, then the fulness, and in the one, equally as in the other, the love of God.

My husband's recovery was at best slow and at times questionable, but the doctor was always cheerful and reassuring. The treatment which he underwent was of a somewhat strange character, but proved, under God, very effectual. No medicine was used, but constant and varied rubbing; first of all for two months with brandy, in preparation for the second stage—when a towel dipped in a lather of soap was used, followed again by olive oil and salt water. This, in addition to constant and united prayer, was used by God for my husband's perfect recovery.

CHAPTER XII.

Brighter Days.

I SHALL not readily forget the first time that he ventured to walk: so overjoyed was he at being on his feet again that he leaped on the common, adjacent with our house.

He at once began again to serve, and on the first Sunday went to a little Mission Hall close by, and preached. There were a number of empty seats that day, and at the close of the service Mr. Scroggie told the people that he had just recovered from a very severe illness, but had not strength to preach to empty chairs, and asked them to make this known, and to fill up on the

following week. This they did, and continued to do, and the messages were definitely blessed to the hearts of the hearers. One instance of this may be given in which a lady on her way to the Church of England found the wind too strong for her, and turned into this Mission Hall, which she was just passing. As she entered, Mr. Scroggie was giving out a hymn, and the words which greeted her were —

"Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distressed?
Come to Me, saith One, and coming, be at rest."

She told us afterwards that when she heard these lines her heart said, "Yes, Lord, I am weary," and in this simple way she was led to accept Christ as her Saviour. Our lack of room led us at once to look for better accommodation, which we had little difficulty in finding, and the first Sunday on which we were in our new place five souls were saved. Amongst them was the lady formerly referred to, who used to listen from her garden to our morning singing. When, in the evening, Mr. Scroggie asked those who wished to decide for Christ to stand up, this lady stood, and another person beside her, who, we discovered was her cook; and both decided that night.

We discovered that the lady was the wife of a Captain Woodman, who was very much

annoyed at his wife's profession of conversion, and prohibited us visiting her; but he himself was brought to Christ a few years later, as we shall see.

As formerly, our way was often hidden, and our temporal supplies brought low; but as we were led from point to point in the plan of God, there was ever a fresh unfolding of Himself as "Faithful and True." Often we were placed according to the words of the apostle, "Without a way, but not without a by-way." Half of God's plan lies in hiding His plan, and probably when the children of God record their varied experiences before the Throne, it will be found that what was concealed by God entered at least as much into the making of their characters as what He revealed.

We have been recording largely, on the physical and temporal plain, what God has done for us across many years, not because we regard this as the highest and best that He can do, or has done; but to show, on the one hand, that our gracious Father has intimate knowledge of all our human needs, and hastens to supply them, and, on the other hand, that His interest and care in these matters are the best evidence of His will and love for us in regard to spiritual

enrichment. Time spent in waiting upon God is never wasted time, but always carries within its folds some choice blessing for the soul that is subject to Him.

It was at one such time that at evening a letter was brought to us, which had been handed in at the back door of our lodgings—no name, address, or message having been left. Upon opening this we found, wrapped up in a clean sheet of paper, £7, the supply of our immediate need. In this connection it may be well to correct a misapprehension which may have arisen in the minds of some, as they have read this record, namely, that such a course of life is very undesirable, and that it makes for the pauperizing of the persons concerned. Nothing, however, could be further from the facts, and all such thoughts but reveal a total misunderstanding of the whole principle of trust in God.

Two thoughts which lie at the very basis of the Christian life must never be lost sight of.

I. God expects to be trusted by His people.

II. God means to express Himself through His people.

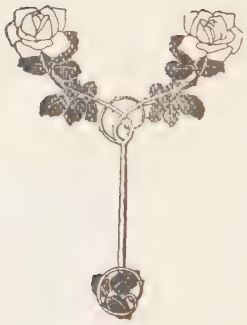
For any Christian to say that he is not wholly cast upon God for the supply of his need is to say what, in the first instance, is not true. The most prosperous Christian in business is as dependent upon God for his sustenance and maintenance as we are, who are not called into His service, in that particular way. But let it not be thought, on the other hand, that we are not in business. "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" And what was that? "The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost." And in that service we are CO-WORKERS with Him. That is the profoundest and most far-reaching business in which a human soul can be engaged, and can never be carried on, on the financial basis which obtains in the more secular callings. And it is here that the second principle is brought to bear, that God means to express Himself through His people, and to give them opportunities of expressing themselves to Him.

In the case above cited, we discovered that the £7 came from the wife of Captain Woodman, before referred to, and was sent as a thankoffering for blessing received. But would anyone suppose that that £7 PAID for the blessing received, or that

£7,000 could pay for it? On her part it was but an expression of gratitude to God for the enrichment which had come to her from Him through us: and, on His part, it was the chosen way for the supply of our immediate need; and, on our part, it was evidence of His love for us, and encouragement in His service. No question of obligation can ever enter here, for "it is more blessed to give than to receive"; therefore those who are empowered to give are the privileged persons. It should then take rank amongst our convictions that we are all equally dependent upon God, but that He favours some to give and others to receive; and that in the one case we should be on the watch for the gracious opportunity, and, in the other case, be completely subject to the Divine will and provision.

With this sense of our inheritance in Him, we were now led to seek for a little home of our own, and to wait upon Him for the means to furnish it. In answer to our desire, He sent at the time a cheque for £12, with which we bought enough to commence with, all our former belongings, it will be remembered, having been lost. A friend who came to visit us in our new home was delighted with it, and thought that if we could manage

to furnish it throughout we might be able to let some of the rooms. A fortnight after she left us, she sent a cheque for £30 towards the object which she had proposed. We were able to do as she had suggested, and a new channel of opportunity was opened to us of witnessing for Christ.



CHAPTER XIII.

Out in the Harvest Field.

MY husband, being now quite recovered, was able once again to conduct Missions, in spheres of service near or distant, which were presented to him. These for a time lay in the North of Scotland, to which, after letting the house, the two children and I went with him. One incident which occurred at this time is still fresh in my memory, and, as it may have a very real application to some reader of these lines, I will relate it.

My husband was invited to preach for a time in Inverness-shire, and proposed taking me and the children to my father's home for

the time-being. That this might be possible the Lord sent, from some source unknown to us, a five pound note, and we were enabled with this to set out. When we started from Glasgow two women with large baskets filled with fruit entered the carriage. The passengers rather demurred to the baskets being there, and thought they should have been in the luggage van. However, the women seemed quite willing to stand or do anything to accommodate the passengers if only the baskets could remain, so we all settled down agreeably. Half-way between Glasgow and Perth there was a halt for the tickets to be examined. As the inspector came near to our carriage, to our amazement one of the women got down and hid under the seat of the carriage, and the other woman spread an old shawl over her head. She remained in this position until the train started again, the ticket examiner thinking, no doubt, that it was a bundle of luggage.

When she rose my husband looked at her and said, "You have been able to hide this time, but the Lord Jesus is coming one of these days, and you will not be able to hide under the seat then." The poor woman did not answer, but burst into tears, and when she could speak she said, "I have a husband in Glasgow out of work, and four little

children starving. This woman and myself started with this fruit in time, as we thought, to catch the cheap train for the Cattle Show in Perth, but we missed it, and we had only enough money between us to pay for one ordinary ticket, and this woman has got it." Again she cried, and then she continued, "With the thought of not getting to the show to sell this fruit the faces of my dear children came before me, and they seemed to say, 'Oh, mother, do something!' so I felt I must go without a ticket." We were all very much touched with the poor woman's grief, and my husband said, "Well, supposing I pay the fare between those places, how would that do?" The woman gave him such a look as much as to say, You, a complete stranger, pay my fare! She said, "But I have not a copper." He said, "You do not need a copper if I pay it, and I will."

The poor woman could scarcely take it in. As we neared Perth, and made a halt at a siding, where Perth tickets were collected, the woman who had the ticket, whispered to her companion, "I think you had better hide again." She was just about to get down again when my husband said, "Don't you believe me. I told you I would pay your

fare." She said, "But the inspector is coming." "That does not matter," said my husband. So then she sat up in her seat, and simply trusted my husband. The inspector came right in this time, but before he could ask any questions it was all settled. One would have thought that the woman would have dried her tears then, but she burst afresh into weeping, ah, but they were tears of joy and of gratitude, and, turning to her basket, she filled both hands with fruit, and put it in my lap, saying, "It is all I can do." We parted from them both at Perth, probably never to meet again on earth, but I trust that this simple incident may have been used of God to their salvation.

"Jesus paid it all,
All to Him I owe,
Sin had left a crimson stain—
He washed it white as snow."

At another time when we had recourse to go North on mission work, we let our house for the time that we should be away, but three days before we started the arrangement was cancelled. We were most unwilling to leave the house empty, but their seemed to be no alternative. Here again the Lord most graciously wrought for us. Two or three days after our arrival in Glasgow we were asked to visit a lady who was

anxious to hear about the treatment under which my husband had been restored, as her brother was very ill, and she thought that perhaps he might benefit from it. This interview was arranged, and the two sisters seemed much interested; "but," they said, "what about rooms, are they not very expensive and difficult to get?" I told them that our house was standing empty, and that they might go there for a week free of charge to see if they liked it, and if so, they might have it at a very reasonable rate as long as we were away. This they did, with the result that they remained there for four or five months.

In such ways does our heavenly Father care for His own, and manifest His direct interest in every human detail of our lives. Later on, we were asked to remove from Worcestershire to London, and agreed to do so. Our furniture was sent forward, and we stayed for the last night with friends, proposing to leave for the South the next morning. But we had no money to pay the fare. Nevertheless, if God's people are in the way of His will, they can never be brought flush up to a wall to find no way out. He always has a way of supplying our need, and a time, and all He asks of us is patience and trust.

The next morning, by the first post, came a letter containing £13 from one far removed, who could have had no knowledge of our circumstances at the time. All we can say is, "How great is His goodness," and how great our lack of trust. The hand of God was graciously upon us in our new sphere of work, and a way was found for the Saviour into the hearts of very many.

We were in one case asked to visit a poor drunkard, who had reduced his wife and family to wretchedness and rags, and himself to the gutter through his sin. Mr. Scroggie went to his house, and his wife opened the door. She looked a poor broken-hearted woman, out of whose life all hope had fled. The husband was invited to the meeting at the Mission Hall that night, and to our delight he came. As he sat there, the Saviour spoke to his heart, and he went away under conviction. He was a builder by trade, and the next day, while at his work on the roof of a house, the Word of peace came into his soul, and the same night he was again at the meeting, and told out of a full heart what Jesus had done for him. He was a splendid workman, and now soon made headway in his business, until he became a master-builder, with many men

under him. What is there like the touch of Jesus to heal the wounded soul? In our sin and ignorance we may come to Him, and He will welcome us and love us freely.

We may not know much about geology, but we can know that we are hidden in the Rock of Ages: we may never know much about astronomy, but we can learn where to find the Bright and Morning Star: we may be very ignorant in regard to the science of botany, but in the garden of our souls we may have the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. "He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for us." Oh, that we possessed in larger measure the compassion of Jesus Christ for sinners. How unsympathetic and hard we often are, and yet all around us are sin-sick souls, men and women, bruised and sore, longing for light, and looking for love; but alas! in many cases passing out into the darkness without it.

Such a hopeless soul I met one night when going to a tent meeting at Hammersmith. I asked her if she would come along with me, but she refused. On my way home I found her sitting where I had left her, and asked her why she had not come to the

meeting. She replied that she was tired of everything and everybody, and was going to sit there all night. But I took her along with me, and asked her if she knew that God loved her, but she did not say much that night. I enquired at the homes of several of my mothers from the meeting if they would give her shelter for the night, but when they knew that she was a poor prostitute they refused. Then I remembered a Scotsman, who kept a coffee-house at Walham Green, and I went there, feeling sure that I could persuade one of my countrymen to give this poor creature shelter; nor was I disappointed, for he gave her supper, bed, and breakfast, and only charged one shilling. The next morning I went for her, and, as we walked together, she told me her sad story of sin and shame, and said that she had decided to commit suicide during the previous night, but that I had hindered her. She had slept for one night in Hyde Park, but had been aroused by a policeman, who had said to her, "You must be off from here; but, poor girl, I feel for the likes of you, will you have a sip of my tea?" This, she said, made me feel that there must be a God somewhere, but I did not know anything about Him.

This precious soul was fully reclaimed, and I believe eternally blessed. Jesus came to seek and to save that which is lost—are we co-workers together with Him in this amazing work of redemption? Are we discovering the jewels that are lost in the mire, and bringing them to the Fountain? Are we on our Father's business? If not, let us pray Him to give us His compassion and love for the lost.

CHAPTER XIV.

Jewels for His Crown.

WHAT has already been recorded of the ways of God with us has characterized the whole of our pathway until the present, so that it will not be necessary to set forth the many and varied instances in detail. But from what has been said it must surely be convincing, even to such as do not enjoy the life and fellowship of God, that the path of His people is the path of His ordering, and that in it He is pledged by Jesus Christ to supply our every need if we will only let Him.

"He knows, He loves, He cares,
Nothing this truth can dim;
He always gives the best to those
Who leave the choice with Him."

The details of His dealings with us for so long a time would possibly, if entered into minutely here, prove monotonous and irksome; but to us, they are as sweet music, as the very touch of His fingers on our hearts, as His very breath upon our faces. We have proved, beyond any possibility of question, that, "they who trust Him wholly, find Him wholly true;" but we would lay the emphasis on the latter thought, and not on the former, for when our faith has wavered, and our love grown cold, He has still loved us and provided for us, because His relation to us is not on the ground of what we are or can do, but on the ground of His infinite grace, unmerited and unutterable. It is not to us that Christ is faithful, but to the Father: He and the Father have entered into covenant to bless us, and so long as Their covenant stands, we shall be blessed. We have "a merciful and faithful High Priest," merciful to us, but faithful to God. But, oh, the joy of living in perfect adjustment, in perfect fellowship with Him; and of knowing that through us He is going to realize His mighty redemptive purposes.

In His goodness He has for many years greatly used my husband in the declaration and exposition of the Word. Results can

never be tabulated here, but the account is rightly kept in heaven. In town and village alike the Word has proved itself to be the power of God unto salvation to everyone who has believed, and the only means by which we may be established in Him. Some conspicuous instances of such results I must record, and pray that they may be as seeds which shall result in a still fuller harvest.

Into my Monday meeting for women at Hammersmith, there came one week a big masculine-looking person, her sleeves rolled up, and wearing a large, white apron. Her very appearance was calculated to frighten one, but she sat quietly, and listened to the reading and exposition of the Scriptures, no one taking much notice of her. She came again the following week, and still showed signs of much interest. I made some enquiries about her, and found that she was a marked character, habituated to drinking and fighting. She was very ignorant, and did not know even the alphabet, but she could hear, and "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." At Christmas-time we held our annual tea and meeting, at which she was present. Mr. Scroggie spoke from the words, "What then will ye do with Jesus, Who is called Christ?"

and the Holy Spirit by this means found access to this rugged woman's heart. She went home to her drunken husband and told him that the Lord had saved her. "Oh," he replied, "thee'st got a tile off, lass." "Well, thank God," she said, "it's let the light in"; and truly He Who bade light to shine out of darkness had shined into her heart to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

From that moment of her conversion she had such a desire to be able to read, and she got her two little boys, who were at school, to teach her the alphabet. At this she worked and prayed, and at the end of six months she was able to read the whole of John iii. Neither was she behind in witnessing for Christ, for she visited the neighbourhood in which she lived, and told the people what Jesus had done for her soul. She soon found out, however, that the offence of the Cross had not ceased, for her neighbours began to persecute her, and circulate lies about her. One day she came to me very downcast about all this. Turning to the Bible I read her the words, "Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in

heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." She could hardly believe that those words were in the Bible, but upon being assured that they were, she said, that she would never be downcast again. The Bible fascinated and held her, and the delight of her life was to read more and more of it.

One day a High Church clergyman called upon her to know if her little boys had been christened. "Christened," she said, "I don't know anything about that, but I want them converted." He replied, "Converted, what is that?" "Sir," she said, "Don't you know what it is to be converted, the Lord have mercy upon you? Have you ever read the third chapter of John's Gospel? that will tell you what conversion is; but if you will let me, I will just kneel down and pray the Lord to save you." There was no mockery in this with her, she was in real eanest for the man's welfare, and was quite a stranger to any profession which did not carry with it possession. As she had been bold and fearless for the devil, so now was she for Christ. She visited the haunts of her former sin, and distributed tracts and spoke a word for Jesus, her heart ever flowing over with longing to reach the lost.

One thing had troubled her much: she was in debt several pounds, and the grace of God teaches one to "owe no man anything, but to love one another." But the Lord in this matter undertook for her. One day I was visiting an old woman who was very ill, and who was in great trouble. "Oh," she said, they are sending that dreadful woman, Mrs. Stockwell, to nurse me, and I am frightened of her." I told her that Mrs. Stockwell was no longer the woman she had been, but a new creation in Christ Jesus. With wonderful tenderness and care this strong woman nursed the old lady until she died, a fortnight later, leaving Mrs. Stockwell nine pounds for her kindness. With this she paid all her debts, and had her joy and faith enlarged.

"He that hath made my heaven secure,
Will all I need provide.
While Christ is rich, can I be poor,
What can I want beside?"

So helpful had the meeting for mothers proved that it was suggested a like meeting should be commenced for their husbands. This was done, and from the beginning the blessing of the Lord was upon it. At each meeting the next week's subject was chosen, and during the week the men searched it out, and came prepared to say a word upon it. One week the subject was Prayer, and in the

address I said there were Christians who seemed to think that it was right to pray about spiritual things only, and not to tell God anything about their temporal and physical requirements: but that such a thought was wrong, that the Father was directly concerned with all that concerned His children—whether spiritual or temporal —which provoked a discussion. One young man thought that if a Christian got into debt, it was not right for him to ask the Lord for money, as they knew how much their weekly income was, and should not go beyond it. I answered that it was all very well for a young man like himself to talk like that, who had no one dependent upon him; but what about married men with their wives and families? Supposing sickness came, and the doctor's bill mounted up, and his wage was insufficient only for his daily need? Surely sickness was a case for the Lord, and a child of God in such circumstances was but exercising his right in telling out all his need to the Father, Who loved to help.

During this conversation I noticed one man very much interested. The following week when we met, and before we commenced our subject, this man said, "If you

will let me, I should just like to say a few words. You all remember last week's subject; well, the speaker just described the condition in which I was. My wife had been ill a long time, and I could not pay the doctor's bill, which troubled me very much; and what was said last week was quite new to me. I had never thought of bringing this trouble to my Heavenly Father, but that night I made up my mind I should, and I knelt down and told Him all, even the amount, and asked Him to please pay this for me. I went next day to my work. It was not often the governor came into our workshop, but that day he did, and came straight to where I was. After speaking with me for a little, he said, 'Harris, I think there is something troubling you, and I want you to tell me what it is, perhaps I can help you.' I told him I had a doctor's bill that wanted settling; and he said, 'All right; I will see to it.' I returned home quite overjoyed, and thought that as I had succeeded so well, I would just tell my Father about my clothes, for they had got very shabby, and I did badly want a pair of trousers. Now, brethren," he said, "I asked Him to send me one pair, and the next day I had two pairs sent me; one pair I have got on, which is the worst of the two—but I want you to look at

them; the other pair I have put aside for Sunday."

It was a powerful exposition on our subject, and every one felt it, and to the man it was quite new life. Some little time after this he said to me, "I want you to unite with me in prayer that I may get another situation, as the work I am engaged in is injuring my health, and I should like to get into a coffee tavern; I could manage that nicely." "Well," I said, "the Lord has done great things for you already, and He will still do more." We prayed together for this, and in a very short time he was asked to superintend one of Lockhart's places, and I believe he is still going on proving the the truth of that promise, "Whatsoever ye shall ask in faith believing, ye shall receive." Oh! how slow we are to believe that "no good thing will He withhold from them who walk uprightly."

These and many other such incidents it has been our privilege to experience, and our joy to tell. But I must now draw my story to a close, trusting that it has been used in some small way of God, to help those who had begun to doubt the love of the Father, and, perhaps, to enlighten some who had never known it.

CONCLUDING WORD.

BY REV. W. GRAHAM SCROGGIE.

PERHAPS I can best summarize my mother's story which has preceded, and express my own profoundest convictions arising therefrom in four simple statements.

I. THE LIFE OF EVERY CHILD OF GOD IS FULLY PLANNED.

My beloved parents, and thousands beside, have learned that to know and accept this truth, is to live from day to day the Divine life on earth. Very large numbers of God's people have yet to prove this, and until they do so, they can never be truly well-pleasing to Christ. The supreme

matter for us is not to have a way, an arrangement, a plan of our own, but to discover what His plan and way for us is. We are not left to prepare, but are bidden to accept a programme; and in the lives of all those who, through the ages, have stood for something Divine, this has ever been clearly apparent.

Take Abraham's life for instance. Ur, the city, lay at one end of it, and Moriah, the mountain, at the other, and a Divinely-planned path stretched from place to place, along which he was led by the strong, gentle hand of God. Notice the steps:

(1) God called him out of Ur, giving him no promise (Acts vii. 2-4).

(2) God called him out of Haran, giving him rich promises (Genesis xii. 1-5).

(3) God separated him from Lot, and promised him Canaan (chapter xiii.)

(4) God promised him a son to perpetuate his name (chapter xv.)

(5) God gave him a token in assurance of his promise (chapter xvii.)

(6) God gave him Isaac, the promised seed (chapter xxi.)

(7) God brought him to Moriah, to yield back that seed to the Giver (chapter xxii.)

A great many years are represented by that programme, and perhaps they would not have been so many had Abraham kept throughout to God's way instead of striking out paths of his own; but the plan was there from the beginning. It is not to be supposed that this is anything special, but a fact in the will of God for every believer: neither must we imagine that it is only in some general way that God orders our lives, but minutely, and in every particular, as the life of Abraham shows, and as, I trust, the record of my parents' story has proved.

Let me ask you who are now reading these lines: Are you daily discovering GOD'S PLAN FOR YOUR LIFE? He has one, and you are entitled to it.

II. THIS PLAN CONSISTS OF A HIGHWAY AND BY-WAYS.

In the "Emphasized New Testament" II. Corinthians iv. 8 is translated—"Without a way, but not without a by-way."

This reveals in broad outline God's method with His people; one broad main fact running through the life, and then a

thousand minor facts woven in; one clear highway along which He leads us, and a hundred by-ways into which He takes us for special purposes, all of which lead forward, never backward. To know this is to be relieved of much doubt, and set free from much perplexity. Is it not precisely concerning the by-ways of our lives that we are most at controversy with God? How often our hearts have said—

> "I know not why my path should be at times
> So straightly hedged, so strangely barred before;
> I only know God could keep wide the door."

And when we were most in need of Him, we have doubted Him most. We wanted the highway, a clear road for many a mile before, and roses in the hedgeway, and green fields round about; but here we are in a narrow way, strongly fenced, and barbed with wire, and no flowers nor fragrance, and apparently at the end, a stone wall. What can be the use of our being in such a place as this? And there we have stood and argued with God, instead of going on at His command, and getting out of it. But many of us have had to praise God for the narrow by-way, made so narrow as to necessitate our being right up against our Saviour in order to pass along: and so near, what, at such times, have we not learned from Him?

"If I tried I could not utter what He says when thus we meet.
Only this I know: I tell Him all my doubts and griefs and fears;
And how patiently He listens! and my drooping soul He cheers."

And then, submissive to His will, He leads us out again into the highway, and as we look back and reflect, we say to one another, "He led us by a right way."

III. WE MUST DISTINGUISH BETWEEN THE FACT, AND THE KNOWLEDGE OF HIS PLAN FOR US.

The fact we cannot change, the knowledge we may never have. It is not that He undertakes to plan our way when we yield to Him, but that He has already done so, and it is to that plan we must yield. God's goodness to us is not conditioned upon our attitude toward Him, but our enjoyment of that goodness is. There is no spasmodic goodwill with God, but an eternal unchanging flow; and we are fully blessed when we come to know that and accept it. May our gracious Father, through these pages, have led some dear child of His to know the blessed fact that all his way is in the Divine will, and is revealed to him through the Divine Word. It is unreason-

able to expect that God should lay bare to us His motives in dealing with us from point to point of our life. Were He so to do, what opportunity would there be for trust? No,

> "I may not draw aside the mystic veil
> That hides the unknown future from my sight;
> Nor know if for me waits the dark or light;
> But I can trust."

New blessing in our lives never comes of fresh love on the part of God, but of new discovery on our part of His eternal love. Shall we then not learn this lesson of His plan for us, and so prove Him more fully and truly than ever before?

IV. IT IS POSSIBLE FOR US TO CROSS GOD'S PLAN FOR OUR LIVES.

Either by never discovering it, or by wilfully setting it aside. How solemn a matter this is, it is difficult to say, but we may see the effects of so doing in the lives of those who have gone before us. Abram turned aside from God's way, and went into Egypt, because he could not trust God to give him bread in Canaan; and you know the story of humiliation, shame, and rebuke. Lot turned aside from God's plan for him, and went to the Cities of the Plain. He attained material gain, and social advancement, but

he fell at the same time, and for the same reason, upon days of spiritual decay, and was saved ultimately, "yet so as through the fire."

Israel departed out of the planned way of God for her when she turned aside at Kadesh-Barnea, and went back into the barren desert there to linger on for thirty-eight years and then die. The sad story of departure from the way runs through the whole history of the Church, and is this very day being repeated in hundreds of lives. And yet we sing—

"Father I know that all my life is portioned out for me."

DO we? Do YOU? My parents have sought to bear witness to their knowledge of this blessed fact in this summarized record of forty years in the love of God, and I would most solemnly, gladly, and deliberately repeat their witness, and mine, that—

Whenever we have obeyed His voice, and followed His guiding, we have proved it all-wise, and have been richly blessed. And whenever we have departed from that, we have erred, been brought into difficulty, sorrowed, repented, and turned back to God to confess our wrong, and to receive His full

forgiveness. And that for all future days we look to Him only, and confidently, to bring us, by the way of His appointing, to the goal of His design for us.

And I pray God that He will lead each reader of this Story into the full current of His Divine, all-satisfying, and glorious will.

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